Toronto Saturday Night.

Vol. 5, No. 12 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1892. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 220

The Blue Mediterranean.

THE time for writing anything like a detailed account of the voyage of the Fulda is past, and the gentle reader is to be spared much that might have been inflicted had I not been too tempest-tossed and lazy to work. I closed my last letter as we were in sight of Gibraltar, and a grand sight it was with a dozen British men-of-war riding at anchor in the bay and a city of eighteen thousand people clustering beneath the cliff. "Ah! there is one of the Lion's paws!" exclaimed Bishop Potter, "the paw that struck the slave trade from the Mediterranean and brought peace to the commerce of the world!" I like to hear a Yankee talk like that. They generally tell us that the British are the greatest land thieves that God lets live.

Palos, from which Columbus sailed, was pointed out, or at least its whereabouts. Columbus was sea and heart sick in the waters over which we had just sailed, exactly four hundred years ago. I regret to say that I never appreciated the discoverer of America till I tried the same trip with a party of seasick Yankees who had set out to discover Europe and were like to die of *mal de mer* on the way, this, too, in a great big steamer, while the man who went out from Palos had only three little tubs and a crew of craven sailors who were of the opinion that the world was flat and any moment they were liable to slip over the edge. With weep'ng wives behind them, the end of the earth in front and an unsettled stomach in the middle, I don't wonder they kicked and wanted to go back home.

Gibraltar can't be described. It is impregnable even now that cannons are made to shoot balls through triple plates of brass and steel. Galleries run through the great rock, and guns can belch forth shot and shell from the very bowels of the earth. If I hadn't heard so much about it the whole thing would not have been more striking than the Sleeping Indian, the island near Port Arthur, a spot which Gibraltar somewhat resembles when seen from the city side. What I did greatly admire was the way the Spanish traders who came over the ship's side with their curiosity truck, "did up" the smart Yankees who had come abroad to buy up Europe and put it in their front halls. There was no time for these travelers to go ashore, so they were in great haste to buy something to show they had been at Gibraltar. I sat by the bazaar the pedlars had started on deck, and in an hour I reckoned five hundred dollars had changed hands, the prices being one hundred and ten degrees in the shade, and the goods as snide as could be found in Birmingham or Tangiers. One man invested over one hundred dollars in leather and brass stuff.

I explained to him afterwards in a comforting way that by the time he had lugged that truck all over Europe and paid duties on it and everything of which it was made, he would probably have reached England, where it was manufactured. It is by offering suggestions like these that a fellow makes friends.

About nine o'clock we sailed away, followed by the great bright eye of the light-house. Next day was bright and we saw much of the Spanish coast, but it was too far off to make it of much use. Of course it was Spain, and to have seen Spain was something to the people who were traveling in order to brag after they got home about what they had seen. The Balearic Isles were passed at night, but we saw them and will boast accordingly. Somebody asked somebody else, as we were gazing at the shadowy outlines, what were the chief products of these islands—Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza. "Cocoanuts," was the response. There was one feature about our cargo of millionaires and smart-Alecks, no one could ask a question which remained unanswered for a moment. "Yes, the largest cocoanuts in the world are grown here," warbled the nimble liar as his fair listener looked up at him, proud

THE COAST OF SPAIN FROM GIBRALTER.

that he knew so much. Of course the thing was preposterous, but inside half an hour the cocoanut theory had been generally accepted, and a professor in a western college when asked the same question was ready with an answer and discoursed learnedly as to the cause of the freak of climate which made it possible.

It takes the Fulda a little over two days and nights to go from Gibraltar to Genoa, and the last day was the roughest of our whole trip. Nearly everyone got seasick all over again and at night it was blowing hard. No ship's officer ever admits the prevalence of anything worse than a stiff breeze, but we all suspected we were having a storm. I like the last night of an ocean trip. The passengers thaw out and reveal themselves in many ways, but principally by swapping lies and comparing opinions of their fellow passengers. In the smoking room poker games and religious discussions of all kinds had been put away. Some twenty or thirty of the most knowing ones were telling how gullible people are when abroad. One man confessed having started a story to the effect that a principal industry in the Azores was raising gold fish in an inland lake and exporting them to all parts of the world. Every body laughed, I amongst the rest, though I suffered from a great big, red, internal blush, for I remembered having written something about that thriving trade in gold fish for these very columns. Some of the rest of them had evidently been fooled, for after an awkward pause a motion was made to court-martial the culprit. This frightened him and he laid the blame on Mr. Dee of the Detroit *News*, who had escaped from the Fulda at Gibraltar. I got the story, if I remember, from Mr. Von Wartegg, a famous traveler, and gave him credit for it, but maybe it was from Dee.

Enquiry was then made as to who first said that one of the stewards had gone crazy and had to be confined in a padded state-room. Everybody immediately denied having believed the story or having had anything to do with circulating it. Much laughter was excited by the various disclaimers and the remark that nobody but a blame fool would soak up a tale like that. An Austrian doctor, who knew more than he could quietly carry, at last opened out by stating that he had assisted the ship's doctor in taking care of the lunatic. It was a thrilling story as the Austrian doctor gave it to us. The day before the ship sailed a man applied for and received a position as steward; the day of sailing a different man came and got the place. He was well dressed and though the head steward thought the applicant looked different to the one who came, he accepted the man, who at once got down to work though evidently unused to labor of any kind. The second day out, when the fireman committed suicide, the queer steward began to act as if insane. The doctor was called and the waiter confessed to having been a medical student himself, and to having accidentally killed a woman by giving her a wrong medicine. In order to escape from justice he was trying to get away from America etc. It was soon shown that the man was possessed of what is known as the "persecuted" dementia. Next day he felt sure he was to be hanged, then the Italians in the steerage were Mañana who proposed to cut him in pieces, and so on through dreadful imaginings.

After this thrilling recital enquiry was made as to the author of the monkey story. "Are there really monkeys in the woods at the back of Gibraltar rock?" asked a youth who had lost much money betting on the ship's speed and other matters concerning which he knew nothing.

"Certainly," answered an Italian priest, "the apes of Gibraltar are a part of the history of the place and are protected by government."

This answer from a clerical source settled the matter and is, I believe, correct. "Well, do you know," continued the youth, "one of the fellows told me about it and I didn't know whether to believe it or not. He said some old duffer who came on board at Gibraltar was telling it on deck with some yarn about them, the monkeys I mean, disappearing every few years, nobody knew where, for no traces of them could be found in Spain."

"Yes, I've heard that they are nearly extinct," said the priest.

"No, that isn't it," continued the youth, warming up, "they disappear and then come back again. The man who got on at Gibraltar said it is believed there that the monkeys were originally brought from Africa through a tunnel under the straits, and have retained a knowledge of how to get back. Nobody has ever been able to follow them, and the British Government protect them from extinction in the hope of some day being able to discover the secret passage; at least so the man said who got on at Gibraltar."

This astounding yarn was new to us all and as the experiences previously related made us somewhat sceptical, was generally discredited.

"Well, young fellow," began an old man who sat smoking a cigar, "I suppose I am the 'old duffer' who got on at Gibraltar and told the story you have repeated. I don't know whether it is true or not, but I heard it while I was staying there."

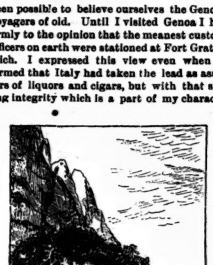
This declaration occasioned a painful pause, and the monkeys and the tunnel were discussed no more.

"Is it true that one of the passengers is dying?" inquired the spectacled man from Minneapolis.

"No, he is better," said the ship's doctor. "Yes, he is moche better," corroborated the Austrian physician.

Talking about bridegrooms, there was one fellow who must have been the junior partner of Soft Bros. & Son. His wife was a little bit older than he. Of course he had it bad and couldn't keep away from her a minute. His arm was wound around her morning, noon and night. He fed her on deck, wrapped her up, held her up while they looked at the sea and all the time wore a seraphic, beatific smile which made me dead tired. I like to see people happy, but he was too happy too mushy, too gone, to be in mental health. She used to glance furtively around to see how we were all taking it, but he was as oblivious of the hundred and sixty-five others as if he were alone with his angel on the borders of Gold Fish Lake in the Azores.

Genoa, that ancient city called "the superb," rose with the sun, crowning the hills and encircling a noble port. Like all other Italian cities it looks best at a distance; close up one can see nothing in the narrow and crooked streets. We hear much of "palaces" in Italy, but they are back numbers, frayed, dingy old boarding-houses, with nothing but a historical value, or have been remodeled into hotels, museums, art galleries or breweries. Genoa, as seen from the sea, gives the imagination plenty of scope and offers a grand vista of mountains, fortresses, ships and palaces, and if we had only been aboard of the stone-hooker Mary Ann, bound from Oakville to the Humber and all intermediate ports, it would have been possible to believe ourselves the Genoese voyagers of old. Until I visited Genoa I held firmly to the opinion that the meanest customs officers on earth were stationed at Fort Gratiot, Mich. I expressed this view even when informed that Italy had taken the lead as assessors of liquors and cigars, but with that stirling integrity which is a part of my character



A SKETCH ON GIBRALTER.

and one of the assets of a mayoralty candidate, I made preparation for the worst that could happen. In the past I had found that nothing so pleases the public generally and customs officers particularly, as a generous confidence in their generosity. The making of a free and candid exposure of a few dutiable articles of no value will often catch a customs officer when even a fine open countenance and a bushel of verbal assurances entirely fail to fill the bill. I really had nothing dutiable except a bottle of Canadian whiskey which I was taking to Germany for a sick friend who used to be in the City Council and had got lonesome on beer—and a box of cigars which had been presen'ed to me by a friend just as I was starting. They talked so much about the Italian customs officers that I began to listen to the whispers of the tempter. It was not for long, however. I reasoned that the right and only way was to do right and at the very worst the duty couldn't be very much. It is just as wrong to defraud the customs as it is to rob a private individual, so there was but one thing left to be done. I rolled the whiskey up in my bath robe, stuffed my slippers full of cigars, filled the legs of my other pair of trowsers with as many cigars as wouldn't make a painful bulge and then left twenty-three of the weeds in the box, which I with studied carelessness left on top of my valise. I spent most of two days worrying over how to get that small consignment through without paying duty to the King of Italy—in whose dominion I did not intend to either sell or consume the goods—and at last felt that I knew my business and being right could afford to go ahead.

Mrs. Don arrived in Genoa the night before I did and on hearing of the arrival of the Fulda came down to meet me. Quarantine delayed the landing of the passengers, and the boatman who had Mrs. Don in charge, not understanding his errand, was engaged in showing her the bay with the Fulda as an incident in the panorama. I was in haste to pass my portmanteau and swim out and explain, so I paid three francs to a steward to be first on the dock. I got there and at once prepared to open up my baggage. "Have you any tobacco?" demanded the officer. "Yes sir, I have!" I answered with the conscious pride of a man who would rather do right than be caught doing wrong. "Here are some cigars!" He at once took the cigars, led me into a room, delivered me and them over to another official and left me to settle. It took half an hour. I signed my name three times to various documents relating to those twenty-three cigars, was passed over to the sub-collector, paid a little over five cents a piece ($1.18 in all), was delayed in meeting the good wife I had not seen for nearly five months, all by the mistake of leaving twenty-three cigars in the box instead of stuffing them into a shirt sleeve or rolling them up in a rug, for he examined nothing else, and a man with two boxes got through without a word. The moral of this thing is somewhat confused, but it is clear enough that half measures are not always the best.

We stayed at Hotel de la Ville. It was once a palace of the Fieschi, a noble family whose name I may have spelled wrong but who are now too extinct to care. In the first place, they got knocked out in a law suit on the fence dispute or something of that sort between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and utilized a piece of the old Roman aqueduct in building the house. This still gives character to the stately pile. In front there are a number of arches, like the doors of a lime kiln, supporting rude masonry, now upheld by buttresses which make the whole affair look like something a little less romantic than the rear view of a brewery or a ruined fragment of a prison. Inside it is commodious and pleasant. If one's vital organs are firmly attached or held in place by a belt or muffler, there is no danger of them being blown out by the draughts. Otherwise, nothing is safe in the corridors of one of these made-over palaces. The bedrooms are comfortable and the meals excellent at the Hotel de la Ville, and if one can only escape before word is passed around that a fugitive boarder is to pass through the hall it is not expensive. However, once show a disposition to be generous in an

The Late Charles Haddon Spurgeon in His Prime.

Italian hotel and your departure will be witnessed, close up, by every menial in the place, and hungry eyes will invite "tips" which have not been earned but would have been had occasion offered. They are all alike in this respect.

Campo Santi is the chief feature of Genoa, and as a swell graveyard it would take the prize anywhere. We haven't begun crowding one another in Canada to the extent of having two-storey cemeteries, but in Genoa things have been so arranged that stone coffins, as handsome as a marble mantelpiece, can be pushed on to a shelf and the occupant made as much at home as a bottle in a drug store. I send a picture or two which, if there is time to have them engraved, will illustrate the system of putting people away and yet keeping them in sight and their memories green. Our Graveyard Trust in Toronto could get points in Genoa on economizing room and making a cemetery a pleasant place of resort for both living and dead. I do not imagine the whole place occupies more than six or seven acres of side hill. Entering imposing gates and a grand doorway you find yourself in a short but wide hall. In front is an open space filled with graves and tombstones as thick as hairs on a cat—this is the quadrangle surrounded on the four sides by a double tier of corridors with graves on shelves at each side. It costs money to be tyled away in this style, but the chief expense is the decoration of the sarcophagus or the fine work on the floor if the grave be there, or both, if statuary marks a lower berth and fills the wall as well. The figures of weeping women leaning over the great marble boxes in which remains have been cemented, are very popular and many of them of exceeding beauty. The figures are life size or larger, and the place and object lend a pathetic interest to many of them. Female figures, evidently copied from life and robed in dresses of marble lace, with trains and bodices and frills and things cut on the bias or shirred, stand solemnly lifting a shroud from the sculptured face of the dead. Ostentatious sorrow, marble parades of grief, genuine art, wondrously touching attitudes, dreamy wonderings, hopeless heartbreak, everything of a funeral sort is pictured here in marble by sculptors who have often told a story which needs no guide book to explain. These vaulted streets where dead folks' names are on every door, extend in double line around the enclosure, and one may walk for over a mile and see admirals standing on the decks of marble ships, senators addressing their audiences, doctors wise and women weeping—a panorama of realism and allegory such as can be seen nowhere else. It leaves a queer taste in one's mouth, figuratively speaking, and after so much death—and, by the way, grippe was raging in Genoa and open graves were there by the score—we left for the Riviera, that at Monte Carlo we might see some life, or what silly people call life. DON.

Around Town.

An acquaintance of mine has just received a letter from a friend who is a railway superintendent in Chili, and travels over the country continually. He is an Englishman who has lived in Canada and the United States, but is now a prodigious admirer of Chili and the Chilians. In his letter he expresses the opinion that had war occurred between that country and the United States the latter power would have found itself engaged in a three years' struggle and for the first two years would have found itself worsted and routed at every turn by the Chilians. After two years of defeats he thinks the Americans would have come to realize the gravity of the case and would have raised and equipped a sufficient invading force and manned a sufficient fleet to overpower Chili with a rush. But before that would be done it would suffer many disasters through sending inadequate forces of ten or twenty thousand men to conquer a strong military country. Chili, he points out, has been engaged in war without interruption for the past nine years, and every adult male is a trained and armed soldier, and a brave one, too. Although there has been internal strife the appearance of the first hostile man-of-war in Chilian waters would restore unity as nothing else could, and every man would fall into rank for service, factious animosities being forgotten in the patriotic duty of the hour.

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In North America as well as in Europe we have some notion that the South Americans are semi-civilized half-breeds of some sort or other. If not half-negroes they must be half-Indians, and in either case they must be only half-civilized. As for me I am not ashamed to confess that I know no more about South Americans than the men who compile the public school geographies and histories, and they know mighty little if they tell it all in the books mentioned. Until this war talk commenced I had an idea, though I never bothered my head asking where I got it, that the Chilians were the same kind of people as Cortez found in Mexico and Pizarro found in Peru. As for Peru, I never heard of it since Pizarro made the Inca captive by a treacherous plot, secured an enormous ransom of gold, and was himself assassinated at last. My old Fourth Reader did not tell me whether these exciting events occurred ten or a thousand years ago, so it is not unnatural that I should think of Chili as I knew Peru. Taking the old Reader above mentioned from its shelf I find that my ideas of South American complexion are not unnatural either, for there I find a picture of Spanish cavaliers buckling their belts, a bald-headed friar reading a Latin Bible to the Incs, who, with his warriors are black and have feathers in their hair, while the Peruvian women in the Inca's train are white as the driven snow. The compilers of that book evidently did not know Peru thoroughly, and so made a fair compromise in the matter of complexion by representing the males as black and the females white. In this way they could not go far wrong, they no doubt argued. All I was ever taught about Chili was a climatic fact imparted to the school by a young man who taught it for a week during the illness of the master. He ran his ferrule along the wall map and said: "You must always remember that it's very Chili on the west coast of South America." That atmospheric circumstance comprised my whole knowledge of the country until I commenced some researches a few weeks ago and found that Chili produces some of the handsomest women in the world, has its manufactures, its army and navy in a well equipped condition, and—final evidence of its civilization—has party politics of the fiercest kind. The country has a population of 2,900,000, an army of sixty thousand men, and a navy of thirty-five vessels. It has a national debt as large as Canada can boast. The school books of the country leave a greater impress on the mind of the country than all the newspapers, pulpits and libraries put together, and in compiling Readers the educational authorities should try to understand, as they have never yet done, that they are furnishing minds that are absolutely vacant of the commonest information. To avoid imbibing misinformation and misconceptions from the school books of a few years ago, a scholar required to be a learned historian and a master of geography.

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The farce that followed upon Col. Alexander's blackmail charge against the *News* is now over. The plot of the play was simple. First, of course, was accusation, then suspension, indignation, vindication, re-installation and beer all round with hopes for a happy old age for everybody. The only inharmonious element was the fact that the accuser stubbornly refused to die to slow music in the upper right hand corner of the stage, but stood belligerent and offensive in the last police court scene repeating his charge. He thus outraged all the rules of art and showed himself wholly devoid of dramatic instinct. Seeing employers and employees sobbing on each others' breasts after a tragic estrangement, the heart of even a Colonel should have melted. This remarkable case presents a beautiful subject for reflection and I am anxious to treat it firstly, secondly and thirdly, but must postpone it for a future issue so that it will not suffer through immature utterance.

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The Foreign and Interstate Commerce Committee of Congress has suggested that it would be well for the United States to confer with Canada on trade matters and to urge the Dominion to deepen the canals between the inland lakes and the Atlantic. So many false stories come from Washington regarding the purpose of the visit of the Canadian delegation and the reception accorded them, that one can really tell nothing about it. But the trade question has been well discussed and it is the new suggestion requires attention. Our canal system is a strength to Canada, both for commerce and trade negotiations, and I believe their very shallowness constitutes their strength in the commercial strategy of the moment. At present shipping follows the line of the lakes and the St. Lawrence, but Canada is enterprising in her canal policy, having expended over fifty millions of dollars upon them since 1821. Plans have been submitted to the Dominion Government for joining the Ottawa River with the head of Georgian Bay, between which almost a continuous chain of lakes and rivers stretches. Another scheme on which large sums have already been expended is the Trent Valley canal, which aims to connect Quinte Bay with Lake Huron at the mouth of the Severn River. Still another scheme, which is warmly advocated in Toronto and endorsed by eminent engineers, is the erection of a ship railway from the mouth of the Humber to the mouth of the Nottawasaga in Georgian Bay, a distance of sixty-six miles. The Dominion is liable to seize upon one of these proposals and carry it successfully through, which would mean stagnation for Buffalo and other Lake Erie ports, and serious damage to Detroit and Port Huron. I believe some members of the American Congress foresee this and are anxious to witness the deepening of the Canadian canals to eighteen or twenty feet like those at Sault Ste. Marie, for if the energy and cash of the Dominion is expended in this way and average satisfaction secured, the sinking of a new water route across Ontario is not likely to be undertaken for many years. Any of the three proposals which Canadian engineers are considering would reduce the distance from lakes Michigan and Superior to the Atlantic by over four hundred miles, and I believe a ship railway from this city to the Georgian Bay will ultimately be constructed. Engineering science has already taken ships out of water to the profit of trade and navigation. Canada should turn her canals to account as a set-off for tariff privileges, and Buffalo must be our pleader before Congress as she is now in behalf of our barley. Whatever trade war may arise between Canada and the United States, we hold Buffalo and the Lake Erie region as hostages. MACK.

Social and Personal.

Miss Kathleen Lamont, who has made many friends here during her visit to Miss McKinnon, has returned to Chatham.

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Miss Ethel Henderson of Perth is visiting Miss Edna Pearson of 546 Sherbourne street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Yarker gave a dinner party at their pretty house, D'Arcy street, on Thursday, after which Mr. Yarker started on a business trip to South Alabama and a pleasure trip to Florida, staying at the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine.

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The season's session of the Local Legislature opened on Thursday last at 3.30 p.m.

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The annual At Home of Toronto Typographical Union will be held at Webb's on Monday evening, February 22. The musical programme will be rendered by Miss Bessie Bonsall, Miss Maggie Huson, Miss A. M. Hafford, Mr. F. Wright, Mr. T. G. Soole, Mr. A. L. E. Davies, Mr. J. H. Winters, Mr. George Smedley, Mr. George McBeth, and the Handel Male Quartette (Messrs. Putland, Booz, Oliver and Stephens).

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Miss Maud Thompson of North street received a number of her friends on Wednesday evening.

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Mr. W. Carlyle, nephew of Mrs. Robert Wilkes, has gone to reside in New York.

*

Miss Zeta Kemp entertained a number of her young friends at her home on St. Vincent street, last evening.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Morrison of 722 Spadina avenue give a dance on Monday evening, February 22.

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Cards are out for a dance to be given by Mrs. R. Dunbar of Deer Park, on the 24th.

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An open day at the School of Science will be held next Monday, winding up with an evening entertainment. A whisper is about that the evening will be finished by a dance.

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The City Travelers gave their first annual At Home at Webb's last night. A very delightful evening crowned the efforts of the energetic committee.

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The eighth annual Reception and Ball of the Railway Conductors will be held at Webb's on Friday, February 26th. If anyone on earth can compress more enjoyment into an evening than the jolly knights of the punch and lantern, I have not the pleasure of their acquaintance.

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Miss Flo Washington gives an afternoon recital in the Grand Opera House next Friday.

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The Conversazione of Trinity College Literary Institute took place on Thursday evening, too late for notice. Next week a full account will be given of a very enjoyable annual affair.

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A delightful At Home, took place at Mrs. Robert McClain's residence on Church street, Tuesday, February 9, where I noticed many pretty costumes. Among those present were Miss Macdonald, Miss Jessie Macdonald, Mrs. M. McLaughlin, Mrs. Bertram, Miss Bertram, Mrs. Burt Lee, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Susie Ellis, Mrs. Frederick Wyld, Mrs. Willie Macdonald, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mrs. Robert Wilkes, Miss Wilkes, Miss Maud Wilkes, Miss Ida Wilkes, Mrs. Donald Macdonald, Mrs. Roaf, Mrs. Mara, Mrs. Smith, Miss Tyrrel, Mrs. Tyrrel, Mrs. McMaster, and many others.

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Mr. William Freeland's At Home on Tuesday evening, at 42 Murray street, to say farewell to Rev. G. H. and Mrs. Sandwell, was a great and pleasing success. Under the skilful direction of Mrs. James H. Richardson and Mrs. Patrick Freeland, the spacious apartments were most tastefully arranged with palms and flowers, while a most *recherche* repast was served at intervals in the dining-room. Over a hundred guests responded to the invitation, among whom were noted ex-Alderman W. and Mrs. Roaf, Mrs. J. H. and Miss Richardson, Mrs. P. Freeland, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Freeland of Rosedale, Miss Emily Freeland of Brockville, Mr. John Downey, Rev. John and Mrs. Barton, Mr. Hugh Scott, Mr. Strange, Miss Eyre, Mr. and the Misses Ash, Mr. and Mrs. David Higgins, Mr. J. J. Tolfree, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bengough and the Misses Siddall, Mr. William and the Misses Snarr, Miss Maud Snarr, Rev. Geo. and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Peters, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Wickson, Mr. Harry Montgomery, Mrs. and the Misses Montgomery, Mr. Joseph Pim, Mrs. Howell and daughters, Mr. Geo. A. Howell, Mr. David J. Howell, Mrs. Geo. Snarr and the Misses Snarr, Mr. and Mrs. McMillan. Mr. and Mrs. Sandwell and family left Toronto on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Sandwell is to be installed next week as Pastor of the First Congregational Church, New Britain, Connecticut, where a large and influential congregation awaits his coming. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sandwell were the recipients before leaving of many valuable and beautiful gifts, evidencing the affection and esteem of their many Toronto friends.

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After an absence of nine months Mr. A. H. St. Germaine and family have returned to their North Toronto home. During their rambles in distant lands they visited many places of interest and made an extended visit to Great Britain and Ireland.

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Mrs. Fuller of Rosedale gave a pleasant progressive euchre party on Friday evening of last week in honor of Mrs. H. C. Monk of Ottawa, who is visiting here, and who is the guest of her uncle, Mr. N. Monk.

*

Zetland Lodge, A. F. and A. M., gave a most charming At Home in the lodge rooms, Toronto street, Thursday evening of last week. A partial list of guests was given me by the committee, and in addition to those published the following were also present: Mr. R. F. Angus, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ardagh, Mr. W. T. Allen, Mr. B. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. L. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Apted, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Apted, Miss A. Bywater, Mr. E. Burns, Mr. John F. Bray, Miss Mabel Bastedo, Miss Buchanan of Cookstown, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bond of Galt, Mr. F. W. Brinnan, Mr. A. E. Blackwood, Mr. A. E. Badenach, Mr. H. Blackie, Mr. A. E. Curran, Mrs. A. B. Cordingly, Miss Carroll of Erie, Pa., Dr. and Mrs. Capon, Miss Minnie Davidson, Mr. W. Donaldson, Miss B. Dunn, Mr. Fred Dixon, Miss Edith Dunne, Miss Birdie Dunne, Miss Dillon, Miss A. Edie of New York, Miss C. Emery, Mr. and Mrs. John Earls, Mrs. F. G. Foster, Miss Nellie Griffith, Miss Ada Glover, Miss A. Gunning, Miss Lou Graham, Mrs. Huycke Garratt, Mr. G. E. Gross of Whitby, Mr. J. G. Galt, Mrs. J. G. Gibson, Mrs. W. S. Hackett, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Howse of Whitby, Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Holmes, Miss Edith Harding of London, Eng., Miss Irvine, Mr. Joseph Irvine, Miss Jacoby, Miss Minnie Jacoby, Mr. J. and Miss Jardine, Mr. James Jephcott, Mr. Alfred Jephcott, Mr. J. Jackes, Mr. J. W. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. William Junor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Junor, Mr. and Miss Knowles, Miss Kraus, Miss Kleiser, Mr. and Mr. C. W. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus F. Lester, Mr. Horace W. Langrill, Miss Rose Lockhart of Brighton, Mr. W. S. McMann, Mr. George and Miss McGuire, Miss McDirmid of Goderich, Miss M. McFarlane, Miss F. McPherson, Dr. J. Stewart McCullough, Mr. H. C. McLean, Mr. B. McIlhardy, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. McGregor, Miss McPherson, Mr. D. McDonald, Mr. G. H. Meallan, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Marrick, Miss Bella Meddow of New York, Mr. J. F. and Miss Murphy, Mr. A. H. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. S. May, Mr. A. E. Mathews, Mr. J. T. Matthews, Mr. E. B. Myers, Miss C. Murray, Mr. J. Bryce Munday, Mr. and Mrs. William Park, Dr. and Mrs. Peaker, Miss Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Park, Mr. G. S. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Rich, Mr. F. W. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Reid, Mr. J. M. Ross, Miss Kate Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rutter, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rose, Miss Tinnie Rogers of New York, Mr. Geo. Rose, Miss Nellie Richardson, Mr. F. W. Strowger, Miss Sutherland, Mr. H. A. Tilley, Miss M. Thomas of Oshawa, Mr. and Mrs. A. Tipping, Miss Maggie Walls of Chicago, Miss Sarah Wagstaff of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson, Miss Wardell of New York, Mrs. Wilcox of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. Guy F. Warwick.

*

There were many pretty women and dainty costumes among the throng of dancers. I was particularly struck by a lovely pink gown, with silver corselet and *chiffon* frills worn by Miss Powell; a very dainty white frock which well became Miss Carrie Rowland; Mrs. Reid wore a handsome cream satin with pink hyacinths; Miss Britton, pink, with *chiffon* bertha; Mrs. McPherson, cream *merv* and *chiffon*; Mrs. Shepley, wine-colored velvet bodice and train, with pink *crepe* petticoat; Miss Campbell, grayish mauve, with pink roses; Miss Bolster, white, with gold passementerie; Mrs. Harry Vigeon, blue satin, with ostrich feather trimming; Mrs. Tipping, grey, with pink roses; Miss L. Holmes of St. Catharines, a French-looking contrast in pale and dark green; Miss Kranz of Berlin, corn silk and black lace; Mrs. Lumbers, *view rose* silk and white lace; Miss Sutherland, white; Mrs. Guy Warwick, black jet and lace, black feathers; Mrs. Garratt, blue velvet, with salmon and blue *applique* embroidery; Miss Vale, pale pink, crimson velvet corselet; Miss McFarlane, pale green; Mrs. Esten Fletcher, mouse gray; Mrs. Esten Williams, white; Miss Irving, pale blue; Mrs. James Pringle, black with pink ostrich feathers. A very pretty little woman wore a trim mauve costume with loose, transparent, puffed sleeves. The handsome lodge-rooms looked their best. The chapter-room was arranged as a card and phonograph-concert room. The stewards did their duty in a most able manner, and the *menu* in the supper-room was delicious. Altogether Zetland added one more to their record as good hosts, and their guests thoroughly appreciated their efforts.

*

About forty young Parkdalians had a delightful time on Friday night. They first organized themselves into a skating party and, accompanied by a brass band, went to the rink. Afterwards they repaired to the residence of Mr. Wheeler, Crawford street, and danced until about three a.m. The affair was arranged by Messrs. R. H. Mitchell, F. Monck and E. Wheeler, and Misses Mary Wheeler, Rae Wiley and Gertie Monck.

*

A pleasant social event, which will probably excite the curiosity of the feminine world, will take place at the Church of the Redeemer, Bloor Street, on Wednesday, February 24th, that being the date for the marriage of Miss Etta F. Jones and Mr. J. Staunton King.

*

The marriage of Mr. J. H. Dight, cashier First National Bank, Duluth, to Miss Clara Eakin, daughter of Mr. George Eakin, Carlton street, was solemnized at St. Peter's church, on Wednesday morning, by the Venerable Archdeacon Boddy, M.A., assisted by the Rev. C. C. Owen, B.A. The happy couple left by the 9 15 train for a tour South, and purpose taking up their residence in Duluth.

*

Miss Lundy of Peterboro' is visiting Mrs. Angus Macdonald of Dundas street.

*

Miss Ida Cooper of Parkdale is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Henry Garth of Montreal.

*

The French Club met at Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry's residence, 575 Jarvis street, last Saturday evening and enjoyed one of the pleasantest reunions of the season, Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry proving themselves to be most tactful and genial hosts. The club will not meet this evening. The next reunion will take place at the home of Mrs. Wilson, 79 Pembroke street, on Saturday evening of next week, February 20. Among those present last week were Mesdames Clark, Graham, Coutellier, Tackaberry and Denison, Miles, Ellis, Hamilton, L. Gordon, N. Gordon, Catto, Graham, Aikens and Brown, and Messrs. Bourlier, Forster, Rowan, Catto, Roswell, Tesson, Coutellier, Clark, Stewart, Brown, Wilson, Enoch Thompson and others.

*

I am informed that the ladies of Deer Park have decided upon Thursday as their weekly reception day for the season.

*

I had the privilege of attending one of Miss Laura Giddings' physical culture lectures one morning this week, and found it most interesting and attractive. Apart from the personal magnetism of the gracious lady who illustrates in her own personality the success of her system, these health talks or "beauty talks"

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Ladies' Silk Gloves for Evening Wear

Suede Gloves for Evening Wear

Sole agent in Canada for the Courvoisier "Paris," finest make of Suede Gloves.

Evening Robes, Dinner Toilets, Tea Gowns, Opera and Evening Wraps
All Millinery Greatly Reduced

WM. STITT & CO.
11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto

INCOMPLETE
DINNER SETS

During stock taking we came across a great many incomplete sets. These we decided to sell at once, and have made the prices such that there is no doubt they will go very readily. We have twice the assortment of any other house in Canada.

PANTECHNETHECA

Instruction in silk shade making free. Wire frames, any size or shape, 10c.

CUNARD LINE
Sailing Every Saturday from New York
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Safety, Civility and Comfort
W. A. GEDDES, AGENT
69 Yonge Street, Toronto

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FASHIONABLE
PERFUMES
230 YONGE ST
OPP. SHUTER.

WINTER
TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY
TRANS - ATLANTIC
RATES REDUCED
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Gen'l Steamship and R. R. Agency, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
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Sixty hours from New York, THURSDAYS
BARBADOS
Trinidad and West Indies, SATURDAYS
ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary Quebec S.S. Co., Quebec
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FINE CUTLERY
Ivory and Pearl Handle Dessert and Fish Eating Sets
CARVERS IN SETS AND CASES
RICE LEWIS & SON
LIMITED
Cor. King and Victoria Streets - - - - TORONTO

INVITATIONS
To Weddings, Dinner, Dance and Juvenile Parties
Menu Cards, Visiting Cards, Ball Programmes, Etc.
THE MOST FASHIONABLE PATTERNS
JAMES BAIN & SON, 39 King St. E., Toronto

The Very Newest.

THE latest fashion departure in the seamless-back coat, a female adaptation of "Chappie's" well known baggy sack. How ugly it is I dare not say, for we must wear it, shapeless and graceless as it is. It comes down nearly to the knees, and consists of three non-fitting pieces—back and two fronts—sleeved rather loosely, and adorned with very large pearl or other fancy buttons. It is made in velvet, *broche* and other sumptuous stuffs, for smart wear—and oh! but it is ugly!

*

French bonnets consist of little else but lace and jet, and many are made with open crowns. Large jet stars, jet wings, jet combs, and jet swords are much worn. A pretty bonnet of black lace had for its only trimming a jet star on each side. A wide-brimmed gray felt for slight mourning had a soft trimming of black lace, put on rather full, with a bunch of small feathers in front and black velvet strings. Some faces do not look well under the severe style of felt hat trimmed only with velvet and quills. A wonderful picture hat of pale pink felt was fastened up at the side by a large black bow, with a jet dagger stuck through it. The other trimming consisted of three large black tips and a bow. This tri-plume trimming is one of Worth's favorite styles this season; he groups lovely ostrich tips on the fronts of self-colored satin or brocade gowns and repeats the *motif* for *birthe* hoods and head decorations. The ostrich feather has curled and swelled on thousands of beautiful gowns and its popularity is still certain if one may judge by the frequency of the three feather decoration which one meets at every ball and rout where fashionable folks love to congregate.

*

The shops are showing some new and charming things in lamp and candle shades and sachets. One of the prettiest shades was of yellow gossamer stuff over silk, decorated with bows. It took almost the form of a pagoda roof, and the soft bright light shining through it put me in mind of sunshine. Yellow is preferable to red for a shade where light as well as effect is desired. Some dainty candle shades were made of crinkled tissue paper. A beautiful sachet was of yellow satin lined with mauve satin turned up at one corner and painted with violets and lilies of the valley. It was ornamented too with a lace frill. Fragments of valuable lace are now used in the trim ning of tea cosies.

*

A corselet of flowers extending high on the bust is a fanciful trimming for round waists of tulle dresses. It is made of small blossoms thickly massed, as pink bavardia, white lilacs, or forget-me-nots. There are also pointed Swiss belts of flowers. One of pale lilacs stripped from their stems is edged with glossy green leaves. Another floral trimming is a fringe of white hyacinths, daffodils, or daisies drooping from the edge of the waist, and falling in a deep point in the front. A similar fringe forms a bertha around the low neck, and a ruche-like vine trims the foot of the skirt. Other tulle skirts have three gored silk breadths of the front and sides strewn with long stemmed blossoms, as poppies or buttercups, under a single skirt of tulle, while the back breadths of the slight train are crossed diagonally with inch-wide ribbons the color of the blossoms. Two layers of tulle fall over the bias-striped back breadths. Tablier breadths of white *chiffon*, embroidered with silk in large flowers—poppies, chrysanthemums, and roses—form part of Paris dresses that are completed by plain white *chiffon*. Spangled *chiffon* in gilt or silver, with narrow satin stripes, is also used for corsages, flounces, berthas, and tabliers. A ball gown of shot *chiffon* is especially effective in green and rose pink made over green silk, the colors changing chameleon-like in different lights with every motion of the wearer. A pink girdle and sleeve bands embroidered with silver and knots of pink ribbons complete this unique dress.

*

Worth continues to make tablier breadths of a different fabric from the back breadths of skirts. He uses white satin with moire stripes and rich brocades for the front, with back breadths of tulle, tucking the tulle in clusters, or thickly dotting it with spangles. A beautiful gown has a bodice and skirt front of pink and green brocade, with the back of the skirt, the sleeves, and the bretelles of beaded green *chiffon*. A mauve satin brocaded with silver in waved lines has a train of white satin spangled with silver. The brocade is cut like a peasant bodice below a spangled white satin yoke, which is square in the neck and edged with silver passementerie in bow knot pattern studded with Rhine-stones. A girdle of beads finished with silver edges the bodice, and is crossed in front, falling thence in long ends nearly to the foot.

*

Brown furs remain the favorite choice for trimming evening dresses, as they have been for the last two winters, though white furs are much used, and occasionally black marten is added as a border, while the special novelty is a band of mole-skin on white satin or brocade. These fur-trimmed gowns are worn by mature and young women, by *grande dames* and *debutantes* alike. An elegant dress worn by a very fashionable woman is of pale mauve moire shot with gray and widely striped with darker satin brocaded with small white roses. This is bordered with Russian sable of the darkest brown shades. It is made as a corselet princesse, with the top of the corselet edged with sable. The part above the corselet, also the upper part of the sleeves, are cut with the stripes crosswise. The corselet does not meet in front, and the fur extends down to a sharp point each side of a V of *chiffon* inserted there, then passes up around the neck; it also hangs loosely, like festoons, on the puffed sleeves and borders the entire skirt, with a flowing train seventy-five inches long. A daughter of this lady wears a trimming of mink tails in white *chiffon* frills on a dress of white cloth. The round corsage has a fur girdle and is half-low in the neck, with a *chiffon* bertha headed with dark mink, and a flounce to correspond around the skirt.

*

Economists who make their own evening dresses are most successful when following the simplest models. They can also purchase pretty materials at small cost. The fashionable shot moires are already copied in light evening colors, stylishly striped with black in mixed fabrics with silken surface that are sold for seventy-five cents a yard. These are very effective when used under net or *chiffon*, either white, black, or colored, and trimmed with bows of satin ribbon. Soft satin surahs make charming gowns for young girls when cut with rather full skirt and a baby waist, with deep *chiffon* frill around the neck, and black velvet belt with long sash ends. Striped gauze with a *filet* or thread of black in each stripe are pretty transparents for freshening a faded or soiled silk dress of last winter. The gauze may be of the color of the silk or in contrast to it, the latter giving the newer shot effect. The becoming black dresses that are seen on every occasion can be made at small expense when a black moire, satin, or brocade of a previous season is utilized as a foundation for black *point d'esprit* net, or jetted net, or the pretty black *chiffon*. Colored silks or satins are also used for these foundations—in pearl tints, pink, green, or yellow. The satin bell skirt is covered plainly with the black transparent, and bordered with a black ruche thickly spangled with jet. A full, low, round corsage has black velvet bretelles, belt, and sash that are also spangled. Puffed sleeves of the spangled fabric are made of becoming length, or to meet the tops of the gloves. LA MODE.

High Jerry Ho!

The duke and the duchess as they travel through the lands
With the clips of their whips and their high jerry ho!
Will pass by the rock where that monastery stands,
In a first-class, fine folk fashion,
With their high jerry ho!
Their postillion in vermilion
And the rattle of their carriage,
And their high jerry ho!

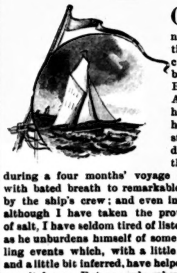
Minestra they'll find as a tottering old crone,
With her moans and her groans and her high jerry ho!
Who has tumbled down the rock, and is lying all alone,
And her cries will excite their compassion—
With her high jerry ho!
And her cropper so improper,
And her fussy "Lawks a mussy,"
And her high jerry ho!

She'll beg that the duke will convey her to the friars,
With their splint and their list and their high jerry ho!
Then he'll take her up at once through the brambles and the briers;
And her woes to the monks she'll explain them;
With their high jerry ho!
With their wrappings and their strappings,
With their cassocks and cachylon—
Their high jerry ho!

By this time the monks will have fallen in our clutches,
With their cries of surprise and their high jerry ho!
And, disguised in their robes, we'll receive the duke and duchess;
And in custody close we'll detain them,
With their high jerry ho!
And the pusses of these cusses,
And a ransom very handsome
And a high jerry ho!

—*The Gondoliers.*

A Sailor's Story in Rhyme.



OF all the yarn-spinners I know there are few capable of beating the British tar. As a lad I have sat for hours at a stretch on the deck of a three-master during a four months' voyage and listened with bated breath to remarkable stories told by the ship's crew; and even in later years, although I have taken the proverbial grain of salt, I have seldom tired of listening to Jack as he unburdens himself of some of the startling events which, with a little bit invented and a little bit inferred, have helped to make up a capital yarn. But, as a rule, when you listen to a sailor's story you generally make up your mind that you are listening to something which is an absolute fabrication—in fact, were there any truth in the story, it would scarcely be worthy a sailor's yarn. I could never understand why it is that sailors are such consummate perverters of the truth. A more superstitious body of men you cannot find in a trip around the world; and perhaps no class fear death more than they do, and yet nine out of every ten of the gallant fellows who brave the perils of the deep, have, in a general way, little regard for the truth, and many an old salt of my acquaintance would submit to the infliction of almost any kind of punishment rather than, of his own free will and accord, enter a place of worship or pay heed to the exhortations of the best parsons to be found beneath the canopy of heaven.

I had occasion a few years ago to fall in with a true specimen of this class. I was spending a few days at a popular seaside resort in the south of England, and one day whilst strolling leisurely along the sands my attention was attracted by an old sailor, who had probably seen sixty summers, and who, perched up on the keel of an old boat, was indulging in the most enthusiastic manner in language the use of which, unfortunately, is not confined to seamen—in other words, he was swearing like a trooper. I had been used to soldiers and sailors all my life; but as the old fellow's language was naturally distasteful to a party of young ladies who were engaged in the interesting proceeding of "paddling" their stockingless feet in the fringe of the briny ocean close by, and lest, too, he should deprive some half-dozen senseless young dudes from admiring these said young ladies in general, and their pretty ankles in particular, I ventured to remonstrate with the old salt for using such unparliamentary expressions, especially in the presence of ladies. Those who know me declare that there is nothing clerical about my appearance, and on the occasion referred to my "get up" was the very reverse to what a parson's might have been expected to be, even when one of these divines visits the seaside unattended by his wife and family, *incog.* However that may be, for once in the history of the nineteenth century a newspaper man was mistaken for a clergyman!—possibly a bishop. As I had made so remarkable an impression on the old fellow's mind, I thought I'd go through with it, and so, exerting all the pious indignation I could command, I gave the old tar a real good "razzling" for indulging in such language, and followed this up by the delivery of a neat little sermon on the efficacy of prayer. The old man smoked and listened, and I was congratulating myself upon having out-Spurgeoned Spurgeon when, taking his pipe from his mouth, he addressed me in something after the following style:

Now, I'm a sailor you see, not a parson,
A sanctified son of a gun!
And sailors are awkward to tackle,
As you'll find afore I have done.

You've spun me a yarn about prayin',
And a lot as I don't understand,
Now I'll tell you o' something as happened
One night near the Goodwin Sands!

It's three years ago come November,
I were mate o' the Ocean Belle;
We wasn't far off o' the Goodwin,
And the night was as black as ——

Well, the ship she were crazy and rotten,
And the wind it were blowing a gale;
Why, the way that she strained and staggered
Would have raised a nigger pale!

I knowed we was in for a dusting,
But I didn't begin for to funk;
I goes straight aft to the captain
And I finds him three parts drunk!

He knew just as well as I did
There was nothing to be done;
So I goes back to the sailors,
And I tells them one by one.

Well, some of 'em took to swearing—
Some of 'em took to run!—
That's a way sailors has of preparing
Their souls for kingdom come!

But one of 'em slinks away, sir,
And he makes for the cabin stairs;
We could hear him down below, sir,
A-howling out his prayers!

Well, a shock came all o' a sudden,
And on we went with a thud!
Whilst the ship was pitching and tossing—
'Twas enough to curdle your blood!

But we didn't begin a-weeping
And wailing "Thy will be done!"
No; we did a darned sight better—
We fired the minute gun!

And after we'd waited in terror
An hour—ay, a week it seemed!
Something we heard on the waters,
And hip! hurrah! we screamed.

And over the roar of the billows
We caught the answering cheer,
And the splash of oars of the lifeboat,
And we knew that help was near!

But to make my story short, sir,
We'd scarcely left that ship
When she gave a roll to port, sir,
And down she goes with a dip!

And then we looked at each other,
In the light of the dawning day,
For I'm blowed if we hadn't forgotten
The bloke as went down to pray.

Now my argument may be rotten, sir,
As rotten as that old ship;
But if he hadn't been down there praying
He'd ha' given old Davy the slip;

For the men as took to swearing,
And the men as took to drink
Were saved by the Ramsgate Lifeboat,
And he was left to sink.

I sought to explain to the old fellow that probably the lifeboat arrived in response to the prayers of his shipmate, but he cut me off with the injunction to "Vast heaving," and I went on my way wondering who had had the best of the argument. From that day to this I've never tackled a sailor when I have heard one swearing. UNO.

Fashionable Sympathy.

"Have you heard from your sister lately, Mrs. Pianoforte?"

"Oh, my, yes. I had a letter from the poor child the other day."

"How is she?"

"Why, the truth is she's dreadfully bad off. Two of the children are down sick, her husband is out of work, and the mortgage on their home is about to be foreclosed. So you see the poor thing is absolutely wretched. Isn't it shocking?"

"It is indeed; but of course you did all you could to cheer her up!"

"Not yet, but I am going to send her a beautiful card at Easter."

The Pacific Coast.

One of the marvels of the age is the cheap mode of everyday travel, and foremost in promoting such is the Canadian Pacific Railway. At the present time they are running specially attractive trips to all points on the Pacific coast, which for convenience and comfort excel anything of the kind before attempted. The C. P. R., knowing well the tedium of long distance railway traveling, have sought to their utmost to alleviate the discomforts of the journey, and judging by the reports of persons who have already traveled over this route they must feel highly gratified by the success with which their efforts have been crowned. An inspection of the cars provided proves them all that can be desired. They are high, airy and well ventilated, being built specially for this service, and are under the immediate control of an intelligent porter. Particulars as to dates of running these excursions will be found in our advertising columns, but any of our readers wishing for further detail should call at the C. P. R. offices, 118 King street west, where books, pamphlets and every information possible will be gladly furnished.

The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine healthy plants from $1.00 up. Palms two feet high for $2.50. Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

Choice Roses, and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street

Conservatories and Greenhouses—477 and 490 Ontario Street, Toronto.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

PRIOR to talking to you in a way that only this store can talk of new dress goods for spring wear, let us tell you of some extra values in present stocks, while snow is still on the ground.

Tweeds, 42 in., 20c., were 40c.
Handsome Scotch Cheviots, 46 in., 65c., were 65c.
A Fine Cheviot, 25c., was 50c.
French Amazon Cloths, 46 in., 25c., were 65c.
French Amazon Cloths, 46 in., 25c., were 85c.

These will strike you as a good-sized cut. Our one purpose is to get present stocks down before new goods are opened, though the present are, as the saying goes, as good as new.

45 in. All-wool Serges, 60c., were $1.
Redford Cords, 20c.
All-wool Serges, 24 in., 15c.
Camel's Hair Cheviots, extra heavy, 65c., were $1.

Order any of these goods by letter.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

N. German Lloyd Co.

SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON AND CONTINENT
Fast express steamers bi-weekly.
MEDITERRANEAN LINE
Fast express steamers bi-monthly.
Clyde built ships. Palatial equipment.
WINTER RATES NOW IN FORCE.
HARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
72 Yonge St., Toronto

DANCING

Prof. Davis

Author, Composer Publisher and Teacher
Academy, 102 Wilton Ave.
TORONTO.

Author of "The Modern Dance Tutor" and the following Society dances: "Jersey," "Slipslide," "Bronco," "Waltz-Minuet," "Polka-Polonaise," "Bon-Ton" (2nd parts, &c.) Composer and Publisher of Music (piano) for these and other standard dances. Music on sale at music stores and at the Academy. Prof. Davis teaches the Delsarte system of Æsthetic Gymnastic, Harmonic Poise of Bearing, Grace of Motion, producing artistic dancing. Class or private instruction. See circular or call for terms.

A Lady With a Baby's Complexion

CAUSED BY USING

Mrs. Graham's

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Yes! After using it daily for six months the skin will be as pink, soft, velvety, pure and clear as the most delicious baby's skin. It is not an artificial cosmetic, it cleanses, refines, whitens and purifies. It feeds and nourishes the skin, thus banishing wrinkles, marks and scars. Harmless as dew. For sale at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, Toronto, where ladies are treated for every defect of Face and Figure. Send stamp for booklet, "How to be Beautiful."

Druggists furnished with Mrs. Graham's preparations and advertising matter.

FREE FREE

Samples of Cream and Powder to lady callers. Lady agents wanted in every town.

Armson & Stone.

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Extension of Premises Sale

Fancy Velveteens at 10½c., worth 75c. and $1; Dress Trimmings at 7½, 15c. and 25c.; Dress Goods at 9c. 15½c. and 15c.

GREAT BARGAINS

Laces, Chiffons, Flouncings, Embroideries, &c., at greatly reduced prices.

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CONSTANCE.

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CHAPTER XXI.

The immediate result of Daphne's escapade was that Mr. Armitage received a letter from his sister-in-law which was a marvel of tact and diplomacy. In the first place she begged him to spare them a few days, and told him what pleasure it would give her could she succeed in inducing him to do so. Then, too, she suggested that he must be quite lost without his pretty little wife, and lastly she hinted that too much independence might not be productive of the best results to a character such as Daphne's. She did not, of course, in so many words say "Fetch her home," but Mr. Armitage must have been very dull of comprehension had he for one instant mistaken her meaning.

Two days later he arrived. He had business in London, he said, and he had determined to kill two birds with one stone—transact his business and then escort Daphne back to Paris.

"I hope," said Constance, "that at least you will spend a week in London now you are here."

"A day or two," he answered—"not longer. Where is my wife?"

"She is still on a visit to Mrs. Strangways. I expect her back to-morrow. You will not go to Clargon street to-night? I know that my sister and Daphne are going to a dance."

Constance spoke anxiously, for she dreaded the effect her husband's appearance might have on the wilful girl, and she was anxious not to widen the gulf between them.

"Oh, no; I should not think of it. It is late, and to tell you the truth I am rather done up. It was a rough crossing, and I am not the best of sailors."

And though Constance felt relieved she could not but notice how indifferent his manner was, and wonder a little that he should not show more eagerness to see his wife after so long a separation. Daphne duly returned the following afternoon, all smiles and dimples. No one had told her that Gerald had arrived, and she ran lightly upstairs into the drawing-room.

"Oh! I have had such fun," she cried, and then she paused. The color died out of her face. "Well I never! What has brought you here?" she added in quite a different tone, and lifted her cheek for her husband's caress.

"You don't seem particularly overjoyed at seeing me," said Mr. Armitage.

Man-like, whatever indifference he might show, he was not prepared to tolerate the same amount in his wife's bearing.

"I hate surprises," snapped Daphne, "and I think you ought to have written and told me you were coming."

"You did not expect me to stay away for ever, did you? I suppose it never struck you that home might be a trifle dull for me alone?"

Daphne's eyes filled slowly with tears. "Then you have come to take me back?" she faltered.

"You must not outstay your welcome. You have paid a long visit already, my child."

"Just as I was enjoying myself so much," she cried, with the air of a child when bedtime is at hand.

"Have you been so very happy then?"

There was a certain wistfulness in his tone. How he would love her, this fractious, spoilt child, if she would let him. But it was always the same. He felt himself held at arm's length. He was too grave and too sad, and her buoyant nature craved for youth and sunshine. Two years ago it had not seemed to Gerald Armitage that he was too old for his wife, but now it was no uncommon thing for the conviction to force itself upon him.

"I never was so happy." The tears rolled down her cheeks on to the pretty gown she wore. With an impatient gesture she dashed them away and sprang from her chair. At the door she almost ran into Constance's arms.

"My dear, Lord Hardstock is here. Now, don't run away."

Mrs. Armitage, seeing signs of distress in her sister-in-law's face, passed her quickly and closed the door.

Lord Hardstock was just ascending the stairs. In an instant Daphne darted down them into the hall.

"All our fun is over," she cried, clasping her hands round his arm. "My jailor has come for me. Oh! what am I to do?"

The real position of affairs did not strike Lord Hardstock for the moment. He saw that Daphne was in trouble and that the pretty little face was stained with tears. And hating to see a woman—and especially a pretty woman—in distress, without pausing to reflect he drew her into the dining-room.

"What in the world is the matter?" he asked.

Then Daphne began to pour out her troubles. Gerald had come to take her back to Paris, and she hated the life there. Her husband was so slow, so stupid, even cross sometimes, and then she added with a coquettish uplifting of her eyebrows, "I don't want you to go, Lord Hardstock."

And Lord Hardstock soothed her, although his sympathies were scarcely enlisted on her side quite as much as she imagined they were. He could easily understand that Mr. Armitage did sometimes lose his temper, and had adequate cause for doing so. But of course he did not tell the little lady this. What he did say was that any man must be a brute who could speak sharply to her, and Daphne wept a few more tears and then with a swift recollection that her face was apt to bear such traces for an unpleasant length of time, she carefully dried them and endeavored to be comforted.

"You will come over to Paris and see me often, won't you?" she pleaded.

And then he promised he would do as she wished, without the faintest intention of carrying out such a promise.

Upstairs in the drawing-room Mrs. Armitage waited in vain for the visitor whose arrival had been announced. Unfortunately she had informed her brother-in-law that Lord Hardstock had called, and they both sat watching the door and marveling at his non-appearance.

Then Constance rang the bell. "Where is Lord Hardstock?" she asked, when a servant answered her summons.

"I don't know, ma'am," said the girl, looking round the room as though his lordship might be hiding behind the curtains. "I saw him go up the stairs."

Another time you will take visitors up to the drawing-room yourself, and not keep them to find their way alone," said Mrs. Armitage sternly.

"Is Lord Hardstock who is lost, stolen, or strayed?" cried Miss Baillie, as she passed the door. "He is in the dining-room with Mrs. Gerald."

"Yes, and they don't want me," cried little Eva, who had hold of her governess's hand and appeared extremely indignant. "Little girls should not go where they are not wanted. Auntie Daphne said, and she'd been crying, so I don't expect she's a bit gooder than me."

Having fired her shot, Miss Baillie dragged her charge upstairs, and the child could be heard protesting all the way up until the closing of the school-room door shut out her voice.

Constance scarcely dared to look at her brother-in-law. Rising hurriedly and muttering something about hot rooms and Daphne which was quite unintelligible, she left Mr. Armitage to himself. Opening the dining-room door she walked straight up to her sister-in-law, entirely ignoring Lord Hardstock's presence.

"Are you mad?" she said angrily. "Upon my word I would not have believed that you could have been so foolhardy. For pity's sake go up to your husband and make what explanation you can."

Daphne stared at her in absolute amazement. Evidently she had not the most remote conception that she had been misconducting herself.

"As for you, Lord Hardstock," continued Mrs. Armitage, "I can find no words in which to express my annoyance that you should have encouraged my sister-in-law in acting so indiscreetly."

"I pledge you my word," began Lord Hardstock, wishing himself a hundred leagues away and anathematizing the luckless cause of this rebuke, "I pledge you my word I had not the least idea of worrying you in any way."

Daphne stood her ground. Having rolled her handkerchief into a ball she was vigorously administring a dab to her eyes here and there where the tears were still not quite dried. Most devoutly did she hope that they were not pink rimmed.

"Why did you not come upstairs, and what has possessed you to stay down here alone? There must be some explanation for such an unusual proceeding," said Mrs Armitage. Little did she guess what wild hopes she was raising in Lord Hardstock's breast. He had jumped at once to the conclusion that she was jealous of his attention to her sister-in law, and that she was piqued and wounded at his having remained with her so long. Of course such a ridiculous idea had never once crossed her mind. All she feared was an open rupture between husband and wife.

"I will bid you good afternoon now," she said, holding out her hand. "Mr. Armitage is here, and while he remains I shall not be at home to visitors." And she deliberately turned her back upon Lord Hardstock.

Not knowing what to make of this, but on the whole believing that it might be construed into a sign of warmer feeling for himself, Lord Hardstock took up his hat and a moment later the hall door shut upon him.

At the end of five minutes Mrs. Armitage returned to the drawing-room and Daphne's husband.

"It that Lord Hardstock who has just gone?" he asked suspiciously. "What did he want with my wife?"

Constance laid her hands softly on his arm. "It did seem strange," she said, "told as we heard it told, but the matter was simple enough. Daphne had commissioned Lord Hardstock to buy some bric-a-brac for her, and it was really her and not me he came to see this afternoon. That explains it, you see."

Constance was not an adept in the art of lying, and her wavering color and the manner in which her eyes—eyes so loyal and honest—refused to meet his own, gave him an uncomfortable sense of uneasiness, but inclining to the idea that Lord Hardstock was a suitor of Constance, he tried to dismiss from his mind the wretched doubts and fears that had been crowding in upon it during the last quarter of an hour.

He said no more, and Daphne having been soundly scolded by her sister in-law was pleased that if she did not hold out the olive branch and conduct herself graciously to her husband she would inevitably be spirited off the next day, came to the conclusion that she had better behave herself, and indeed really tried to do so.

But it was a wearisome evening. Constance was out of spirits, and Daphne yawned continuously, and Mr. Armitage felt that what little conversation he was capable of fell very flat, and Miss Baillie sat absolutely voiceless and mute.

She felt perfectly wretched, unhappy girl that she was. She told herself that her heart was broken and that Gerald Raymond by flirting in this open and outrageous fashion under her very nose! Had he possessed a particle of the manliness she fancied he would, at least, have made some effort to cloak his infidelities. If anything, she, Emily, overrated Daphne's charms; for, as we know, Lord Hardstock had never fastened himself for a single instant in love with her. She amused him. He liked to watch her pretty affectations, and laugh at her pettish moods. He would have done at some toddling maiden mimicking the airs and graces of her seniors; but there it began, and there it ended.

The real danger lay much nearer home, if the short-sighted Emily could have seen it. Oh, how she longed for Mr. Armitage to carry off his wife. She felt that she never so cordially detested one of her own sex before. Several times during that evening Mr. Armitage glanced at the governess, wondering where he had seen that face before.

"You are not altogether a stranger to me I think?" he said to her at last. "I must have met you somewhere." Emily shivered. "Heaven forbid," she murmured to herself piously. But she forced herself to lift her eyes serenely to the keen ones bent upon her. "I am quite sure," she said sweetly, "that I have no recollection of having seen you before. I think I must have a double, for I am constantly being mistaken for someone else."

"I'd stake my life on it, I have seen and spoken to that girl before," said Mr. Armitage to his wife a little later on. "I remember the voice distinctly, that slow, sweet, drawl. Do you know if she has ever been in Paris, Daphne?"

"No, the subject does not really interest me. I am not in the least interested in Miss Baillie, I can assure you."

This, however, did not deter Mr. Armitage from putting the question himself to Emily. The girl's heart sank within her.

"Once, and once only, I was in Paris," she said. "I was very young, and remember but little of the city."

"Ah! Then of course I must have been mistaken," said Mr. Armitage. But he was far from convinced that Emily was speaking the truth, and is vexed him sorely that he could not recollect when and where he had seen her before.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was very quiet after Daphne had gone. Peace settled down on the little household in West Kensington once more, and Constance felt grateful for the respite. She was not feeling well, and she was terribly worried and troubled just now. Utterly unused to economy she had outstripped her income, and although it seemed almost impossible that she could have done so, seeing how few things she allowed herself outside the pale of necessaries, the little tame roring in fairly staggered her. There was one for twenty pounds for Arthur's schooling that must be paid at once. There was something for repair she went down to Bedford Row. Mr. Bolder was in and genuinely glad to see her. His welcome was so cordial that Constance's heart pricked her. She felt that she had neglected him of late, so little attention to the old man who had been so true and steadfast a friend both to her father and to herself, was only what he might have expected and considered himself entitled to. Yet it was not until trouble stared her in the face that she thought of him.

In a little confusion she stated her errand. "I must dip into my capital, I suppose," she said ruefully. "There is nothing else for it."

"A pity, a great pity! You will excuse my saying so, but indeed, my dear lady, you must try and live within your income. You ought to do so with perfect ease; the rent you are paying for your house is not large and there is only yourself and your child."

"I must have servants—there are two—the work could not be done properly with less, and Eva has a governess now. It is true I do not pay her any salary, but she is an addition to the household, and, of course, I have to give her an occasional present. The fact is, I spent too much money at Scarborough this year.

Mr. Bolder took up the roll of bills she had laid on the table and looked through them in silence.

"I really cannot see anything here to find fault with," he said at last. "The only one that is at all heavy in proportion to your income is Messrs. Tulloch's account."

"The livery stables! Yes, my poor Judith has cost a great deal. I did not think a guinea a week too much when I made the agreement with them, but you see that is only for the pony's actual keep. There are so many extras—cloths, sponges, the man's fees who grooms her and keeps the carriage in good order. That is what makes it run up."

"I should advise your making some other arrangement; it is more than you ought to pay—actually more than Arthur's education costs."

"Yes—I do not you think I ought to dispense with a carriage of my own altogether?"

"I do. It seems hard to say so, but there is no disputing the fact that to keep a horse runs away with a lot of money, more, indeed, than you are justified in paying."

"Then I will sell her. Poor old Judith, I have really grown attached to her. It must be five or six years since Cyril bought her for my especial use, and she is a pretty creature."

"I wonder you ever thought of keeping her under your straitened circumstances, remarked the lawyer.

For the moment Constance had lost sight of the fact that both Judith and the carriage had been presents from Lord Hardstock. It would be ungracious to part with them. Something of this she tried to explain to Mr. Bolder.

"It will be awkward," she said.

"Not at all. Why should it be? Simply tell his lordship that you find it too expensive to keep a horse in town."

"But——" she hesitated; the conviction strong upon her that Lord Hardstock would refuse to allow her to make any such sacrifice. "And I am under far too many obligations as it is," she told herself.

"Will you arrange the matter for me?" she asked the lawyer. "Sell them both and get what you can—it will go towards paying the bills."

"Yes, certainly I will do my best. But, my dear Mrs. Armitage, you are not to worry unnecessarily. There is really no cause for you to do so. Curtail your expenses as much as possible, and I think we can manage to get enough to pay off the most pressing of these bills without encroaching on your capital."

"How good you are!" Tears glittered in Constance's eyes.

Mr. Bolder took her hands in his. "A little bird has whispered to me," he began, "that Mrs. Armitage may win back her old home if she pleases."

"Then that little bird was misinformed." Constance spoke lightly, but she was much annoyed. Who could have spread such a report? "The first year of my widowhood is not at an end yet," she added. "It is in bad taste to discuss the question at all."

"You must pardon me, I am only anxious for your future."

"I am sure of that, but now that we are on the subject let me assure you that I have no warmer feeling for Lord Hardstock than regard and friendship, and that under no possible circumstances could what you suggested ever come about."

He looked at her a little curiously. Evidently she was in earnest and he was sorry for it. She was born for the smooth paths of life, and an adverse fate had jostled her on the rough highroad. If she could have brought herself to care for Lord Hardstock everything might have been made so easy for her. And why not? His lordship was handsome, well bred, and, the world said, a favorite with most of the gentler sex.

Judith was sold and Constance actually shed a few tears over her old friend, when she gave her her last lump of sugar. She was connected with the old days of luxury and content, and despite herself the poor lady sighed a little wistfully.

Rebecca was very angry when she heard what her sister had done.

"I think it really unkind of you, Constance," she said. "If there was any real need for such a step, which I do not believe, let Mr. Bolder say what he pleases, you might have mentioned it to me."

The fact was that Mrs. Strangways dreaded what Lord Hardstock would say when the news came to his ears, as come it must, and after a good deal of reflection she made up her mind to break it to him herself. And she set about her task with the utmost diplomacy. Her forebodings were fully realized. Lord Hardstock was extremely angry. He felt that Constance, in treating his gift so unceremoniously, had wished to strike a blow at himself, and something of this sort he said to Mrs. Strangways.

Rebecca looked horrified.

"If you could but have heard what she said—poor Constance! She begged me to keep the knowledge from you, for I know his kind heart will prompt him to help me still further," she said. 'And that must not be!'"

"Why not?" asked Lord Hardstock. "Dear Mrs. Strangways, as my friend, and knowing all I feel for Mrs. Armitage, could you not have hinted that my only desire is to place all I have at her disposal?"

"It is too soon. No one will win Constance but by long patience and steadfastness. She has a curious nature and although she is gentleness itself she is by no means pliable, and it is the most difficult matter to move her a hair's breadth from the line she has marked out for herself."

"Do you think she will see me if I call?"

"Why not?"

"Well, to speak frankly, she has never been quite the same to me since that unfortunate afternoon's business with Mrs. Gerald. I am sure she never detected herself to Admiral Horsford the whole time, and two days ago in Piccadilly, I hastened across the road to speak to her, but I cannot but think, to avoid me, she immediately hailed an omnibus which was coming in the contrary direction and got in."

Mrs. Strangways reflected in silence. At last she said: "Constance does not bear animosity for long, and she dislikes quarreling as much as you or I can do. Therefore, your better plan is to go boldly to Kensington and make your peace."

And Lord Hardstock took her advice.

Mrs. Armitage was not at home! For a moment he hesitated, and then, letting his annoyance get the better of him, "Is she actually not in the house?" he asked. "Or have you received orders not to admit me?"

The girl looked surprised, as well she might.

"Oh, no, my lord! My mistress has never given me any such order, I assure you."

But when Constance returned home, and was informed of what had taken place, she bit her lip and devoutly wished that she had so interfered. Poor Bobbe, she dreaded what Lord Hardstock might have to say on the subject of Judith. Within three or four days he called again, and this time sufferage or excuse was out of the question, for Constance stood looking out of the window, and as he approached the house, of course he saw her.

With fast beating pulse and a nervous feeling upon her, which she felt wholly unable to overcome, she rose to greet him. She had no need to disquiet herself. Lord Hardstock had never been so agreeable. He touched lightly on the ordinary subjects of the day, asked after his little friend Eva, and said that when Arthur came home he must be allowed to take him out occasionally, and then in quite a casual way remarked:

"Awfully sorry you felt obliged to part with Judith, Mrs. Armitage."

Constance drew a long breath of relief.

"My expenses are too heavy to allow of my keeping a horse," she said.

"You are the best judge of that, of course. I can only regret that you were compelled to do so."

Struggling with herself, Constance tried to say something gracious. She felt indebted to him, and would not let him think that she was wholly without gratitude.

"I was very fond of Judith," she said. "In the first place I had had her so long. Then, too, there was the fear of giving you pain, as it was only through your great kindness that I got her back." It was not quite what she had intended to say.

"Oh, Constance, surely you know," began his lordship in a tone there was no mistaking, but at that moment, to her mother's intense relief, Eva's bright little face appeared at the door.

"Aren't you ever coming, mamma? We've been ready for ever so long." Then catching sight of the visitor—"Oh, come too, Lord Hardstock, we are all going shopping. I am to have a new hat."

"No, I don't fancy that the expedition would furnish much amusement to anyone but yourself, dear."

Eva clung to her mother's hand, evidently determined not to lose sight of her again.

"Which way are you going?" If towards Oxford street perhaps I might be allowed to accompany you."

"We are going to take an omnibus which will put us down at Piccadilly Circus, and shall walk up Regent street. If you do not despise that method of conveyance, by all means come too."

Whereupon Mrs. Armitage went away to put on her bonnet, and a minute or two later Miss Baillie came into the drawing-room.

"I cannot be entertain you," she said bitterly. "What a farce it all is. I am, oh, so weary of this life, Rupert."

"I cannot but sympathize with you," she said bitterly. "What a farce it all is. I am, oh, so weary of this life, Rupert."

"Your duty appears to be very gentle with her. Emily was infinitely more amenable to reason than when he resorted to a bullying tone, and Eva having rushed to the further end of the room, intent on investigating the contents of her mother's work-basket, he stooped and kissed the red lips.

"Some day!" he whispered.

"The lane of 'some time' runs into the road of 'never,'" said she. "I am losing heart and faith and hope altogether."

"And—love—as well, Emily?"

How much o' tenderness and reproach he could throw into the eyes she chose; Emily trembled and looked down.

"Why have you not been to see me all this week, my little darling? I waited for you on Tuesday and again on Friday until late.

It was not true, and perhaps she was not altogether beguiled into believing what he said. She wished she could believe in him. For with all her heart she loved him and yearned for his affection in return.

"It was not always easy to get away. Mrs. Armitage had a headache, and I did not know whether you would expect me on Friday. When shall I come?"

"When you will. You are always welcome. You do not need that I should tell you that." But he did not specify any particular evening, and afterwards Emily remembered it.

Eva walked slowly and thoughtfully up to them, lifting her big blue eyes and surveying their faces with a puzzled expression on her own

"Who do you love best," she asked, "Miss Baillie or my mamma?"

Lord Hardstock laughed.

"Do you always love best the lady you are talking to?" persisted the child.

"Hush, dear Eva, that a question. Why do you ask such silly things?"

"Because you look like this—" putting on a most exaggerated expression of anxiety and tenderness—"when you talk to mamma, and it's like this"—distorting her chubby features into a sentimental look that so enraged Miss Baillie that she caught the child by the hand and forcibly put her into a chair.

"Not another word," she said sternly. "Sit still. If you speak again we shall go out without you."

But after that they could only talk on the most ordinary topics until Mrs. Armitage came down equipped for her walk.

(To be Continued.)

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Husbands and Wives.

A man fil'ed with the curiosity of father Adam chanced to read in one of the New York dailies a somewhat extended account of the topic of general interest and importance discussed by a prominent woman's social organization at the regular dinner for the month of January. Husbands, and how best wives manage them, was the question under profoundest consideration. As the man read the excerpts given from each lady's neatly put remarks, his contemptuous curiosity changed into angry amusement, and led to his perhaps hasty assertion that such arguments were unworthy of the assumedly intelligent persons that engaged in them, and that no man could read the collection of opinions given without suffering a sense of irritation.

"Really," he insisted, "to my mind the cleverest and most dignified stand taken throughout this remarkable exchange of theories on the husband question, was assumed by the woman who refused to reveal the methods by which she maintained conjugal harmony in her own home. For, any possible prejudice aside, wherein lies the benefit reaped, the mystery solved, or the lesson taught by this debate? Who is the better or wiser for it? Was it intended as a suggestion to young unmarried women, and if it is a suggestion, just how must we view it? In this way: here are a number of intelligent, independent, self-respecting ladies, who in one breath would insist that their places are in the very front ranks of broad-minded American womanhood. None of the stupid traditions or superstitions of even fifty years back cloud their bright vision, and sweet, practical common sense is the chief precept by which they order their domestic and social lives, we are inclined to think. Yet these same ladies have not risen above that old-fashioned feminine fancy of swapping receipts as how best to keep their mates in order. They seem yet to regard the husband as some erratic element, that only by sweetles, caresses, high handed methods or delicate legitimate scheming can be brought to tread an even measure with his wife. Each good lady advocates a different plan by which this domestic puzzle may be worked out. One thinks to hold him ever faithful by her good dinners; another insists on that time-worn method of stooping to conquer; a third puts her faith in the efficacy of the insistance on equal rights; and a fourth arises to propose, like the duchess in Alice in Wonderland, that after all, "tis love, tis love that makes the world go round.'

"As the young woman listens to these matrons gravely weighing the efficacy of such tactics, her natural conjecture grows into a granite conviction, that the first duty of her married life will be to find how best and literally to manage the man she has taken for a life partner. She must study his character, sound its weakness and strength, and discover through what channel she may soonest gain the wifely influence.

"Now if the matrons could only be brought to realize it, this is not pleasant reading for a man. Even the husband who advocates the absolute equality of woman in the political and social life grows irritable under such absurd discussion. He objects to this exhaustive of argument concerning himself, and fiercely resents the notion of being managed. Naturally enough. For in this debate is he not handled about as carelessly as the servant question and as coldly advertised for improvement?

"The average American man, before he ever becomes a husband, has it borne in on him by the candid criticisms of the feminine half of his family that he is in no wise a perfect being; for this same reason he is not apt to be an intolerant soul, fierce or overbearing, sly or deceptive. He is forced to regard women as perhaps only physically his inferiors, and when he marries he takes into full, free, and sensible partnership the young woman who accepts him. They are to be individual but one, stand shoulder to shoulder, and equally share their lives. Right angry would she feel did he in his club seriously discuss how best to manage her, and debate in solemn conclave whether by a new gown, a theater party, a trip to Europe, or a stern command, he could soonest gain over his wife the strongest influence. Scarcely is this discussion of domestic relations the best means by which we may hope to secure mutual conjugal happiness. Wives, according to my way of thinking, do not help each other by such confidences, whether made in private over the afternoon cup of tea, or at a semi public dinner. And, after all, there are matters of more vital importance to be talked of than this definition in melancholy platitudes of a subject that we can easily drop from our list of current topics."

Wearing Diamonds.

"When to wear diamonds," is thus prescribed by Florence Marryat in the *Ladies' Home Journal*: "When a woman is asked the kind of ring, or brooch, or bracelet she desires, she is apt to say 'A diamond one.' And unless she has a great many jewels, this is a wise choice, for the diamond may be worn at any times when the colored gems are in bad taste. Americans have been laughed at very much for wearing their diamonds at all times and in all places, but I think the woman of good taste and refined feelings realizes when and where she shall wear her jewels. Diamonds should not be worn in the morning ever. They should not be worn when a simple visit is paid before two o'clock. They should not be worn when one is doing charitable work. They should not be worn in profusion with any street toilet, although a small brooch, a pair of solitaire earrings, and a ring which is concealed by the glove, are frequently noticed on refined women. They should not be worn in bathing; this sounds a little odd, but, as they have been seen in such places, somebody evidently needs to be given a word or two about them. They should not be worn to any extent, even in the evening, at places of amusement. They should never be seen on children. They should not be worn by people who are in mourning. They should not be worn unless one's gown is in harmony with them, for a soiled, mussed costume and a profusion of diamonds is a very bad combination. They should not be worn by man. They should not be worn at all unless they are real, unless they are properly set, and unless they are suited to the wearer. Enormous ear rings, pulling down the lobes of the ear, are the essence of vulgarity. Enormous pins that look like electric lights are in equally bad taste. Choose your diamonds for clearness and perfection of cut rather than size.

For Brain Fag.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. H. Fisher, Le Sueur, Minn., says: "I find it very serviceable in nervous debility, sexual weakness, bra'n fag, excessive use of tobacco, as a drink in fevers and in some urinary troubles. It is a grand good remedy in all cases where I have used it."

Friendship That is Worth Having.

The friendship that is best worth having comes unsought, unheralded. Suddenly, we recognize its shining beauty before us and life is invested with a divine radiance. The talent for making friends, or for discovering them, is a specific and distinctive one, and is, perhaps, the result of a combination of happy qualities, yet in any perfect friendship there is always the sense of the unexpected, the miraculous.

It is an open question as to whether we do not lay too little emphasis on friendship as the one supreme charm of existence. Wealth, and the freedom and the leisure which are its best purchase; its resources of travel, of art, of literature and of "society"—technically considered—are held as the especial desideratum of life. Some hold this conviction in the more material sense—as merely a vulgar ideal, and others hold it high and nobly—as the gateway to the higher culture in all ways, to more liberal attainments, and as the power enabling one to render great and noble service in the world. And all these possibilities are true and are naturally to be prized. One who did not prize them would fall in reverence to the true art of living. And still, wealth and its resources do not necessarily insure one that sympathetic and delightful companionship, always harmonious, always responsive, that gives to life its supermost social happiness.

The Rivals.

Swipesy (from de "Sixt"): I'm a-going to put on dis young lady's skates—see!

Rocksey (from de "Ate"): No, yer ain't, neider; I'm a-goin' to.

Bella (from the "Fort") Gentlemen, gentlemen, for heaven's sake let there be no bloodshed!

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Too Lavish.

"Ward Healey seems to be a great lover of the people."

"Yes; he's a regular political libertine."

CANCER

It seems almost incredible that a remedy has at last been discovered for curing this dreadful disease without any painful operation. But when we can refer you to hundreds of living witnesses who have been permanently cured by our wonderful and pleasant treatment you should not hesitate to tell your friends the good news. No Knife! No Plaster! No Pain! Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars, and mention this paper.

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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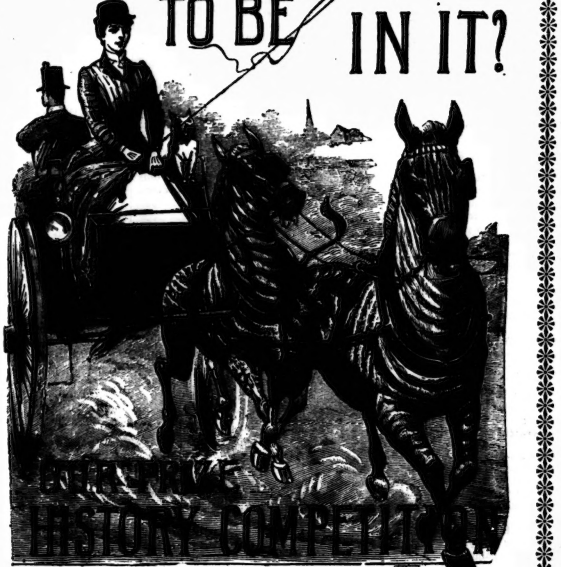

THE BATTLE OF _____ (?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up hir stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the .....who, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the.....cavalry on the.....centre, and at six the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the .....sweep the old guards before them exclaimed:

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS:—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

Toronto, February 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's. Upright Pianos, Style D.," valued at $350.00 each, to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same. Respectfully,

(Signed) HEINTZMAN & CO.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next PRECEDING the middle one, DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over $100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.

And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A **solid gold watch** will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate valued $16.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION:—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the pianos should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first piano.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this is to prevent the first received from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES:—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairness or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS:—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that contestant desires, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 15th, 1892, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire competition is open, contestants can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. THE LADIES PICTORIAL CO. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner is expected to secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions, and it is expected that every winner of a leading prize will renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. If you have never seen the Ladies Weekly send three two cent stamps for sample copy. There is no other like it in Canada. Address.

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VOL. V] TORONTO, FEB. 13, 1892. [NO. 12

An Interview With a Poet.

S to-morrow is St. Valentine's day, no doubt the young man reader is this morning at work on his verses for his lady love. As this is leap year, that young lady too is perhaps at work on a valentine for her knight. Thinking that some advice on the subject of making verses might be very acceptable to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, with this end in view I recently interviewed a poet. As is usual with poets I found that this one had plenty of time on his hands and was quite willing to talk about his muse. I asked him about the first step towards making a poem. In answer to this he laid great stress on the necessity of having an idea to write up. "Have an idea," said he, "corral it, examine it and see that it is properly poetic, lop off all unnecessary excrescences and then take pen, ink and paper and put it into poetic diction. That is where art comes in. Art is a very necessary part of a poem too, but you want the idea. I have known poetry to be written without the idea, and have even done it myself, but it is a reprehensible procedure, very reprehensible."

"Well, suppose a man has the idea but no art?"

"Let him work, let him work, sir. There's no royal road to making poetry. Poetry has its apprentice stages, as has painting."

"And if a man has no distinct grasp of either idea or art? Next Sunday is St. Valentine's day, you know, and I want to help some of my readers along who wish to follow the time-honored custom of that day, but are in such a position."

"Let such an one take a strong dose of Walker's Rhyming Dictionary and proceed after the manner of Tennyson when he wrote the Lady of Shalott, put down a row of rhymes, one below the other, rule his sheet for iambic pentemeter (one form of ten-syllable line.—ED.) and begin. So:

TO MY VALENTINE.

.....speech,
.....alone;
.....peach
.....own.

which may be filled out as:

I cannot tell thee of my love in speech,
But on this paper for thine eyes alone;
Let not a blush o'erspread thy cheek of peach
To know that I would have thee for mine own.

and so forth, or if something more lyric is desired:

.....incline,
.....thine;
.....divine;
.....line.

which may read as

Pritheee to my plaint incline,
In my heart enthroned is thine;
Thou art the only maid divine;
Call me thine own Yale line.
Marguerite or Viola or Mary Ann.

A modest young lady might start out:

.....heart,
.....day,
.....part
.....say,
.....be,
.....thee.

She might write three or four such verses as:

'Tis but a timid, shrinking maiden heart,
That throbs thro' all the day,
Waiting the moment when the clouds shall part
Before love's golden ray,
When to thy heart all, all I'll be,
And I shall live for aye for thee.

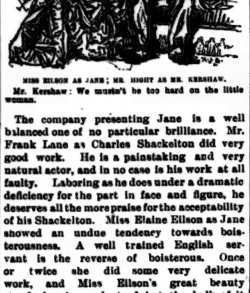
These verses aren't very good. They're pretty bad in fact, as your poetry editor can tell you. But they may furnish your readers with some ideas."

The poet was glad to accept some beer at my expense and after that we parted.

TOUCHSTONE.

The Drama.

THE young man who purchases those fragile conceptions of the confectioner, known as candied violets, has the consolation of knowing that although the price is high there are a good many to the pound and a certain stability of fragility is attained, which latter fact is highly satisfactory, considering the quantity an ordinary Canadian damsel can accomplish. In refined farce we look for this stability of fragility, the theatrical appetite requires it, in fact, and the great acceptability of The Private Secretary and All The Comforts of Home rested in their authors' knowledge of this fact and in the number and variety of the plot motives they have suggested and developed. The great fault of such comedies as Niobe and Jane, which was at the Grand this week, is that their authors have but partially recognized this fact and there is a too continuous harping on one string. The situations of Jane, though clever and amusing, are far from plentiful. The French farce from which it was adapted has been used before by Roland Reed in Lend Me Your Wife. The characters are: stage gay young man, handsome, but deep in debt; stage gay old man, dressy and likes to kiss the girls; stage sweetheart, sweet young thing; stage widow, giddy old thing; a confidential valet and Jane. Jane is a pretty housemaid and when young Shackelton finds that he has come to the end of his tether, and that his guardian and treasurer, Old Mr. Kershaw, is coming down to London to remonstrate with the fictitious extravagant wife that Shackelton has invented as a means of extorting more money from the old man, he hits upon the expedient of introducing his housemaid Jane as Mrs. Shackelton, which leads to many situations when the old man arrives. A baby has to be found; William, his man-servant, is secretly married to Jane and is jealous; William, as confidential servant, knows his master's trouble, and has introduced the old widow, Mrs. Chadwick, as Shackelton's wife; Miss Lucy Norton, Shackelton's sweetheart, makes trouble and so on. Many bright scenes and much witty dialogue make up Jane, but still the lack of quantity and variety of situations is felt. If Jane were preceded by a really good curtain-raiser of the same class as Jerome's two comedies, Barbara and Sunset, In Honor Bound or A Lesson in Acting, a very fine evening's entertainment would result; but regrettably The Better Part, the one presented, is the worst one act play I ever saw, and was only redeemed by the good acting of Mr. Frank Lane who played the leading part.



MISS EILSON AS JANE; MR. HIGHT AS MR. KERSHAW.
Mr. Kershaw: We mustn't be too hard on the little woman.

The company presenting Jane is a well balanced one of no particular brilliance. Mr. Frank Lane as Charles Shackelton did very good work. He is a painstaking and very natural actor, and in no case is his work at all faulty. Laboring as he does under a dramatic deficiency for the part in face and figure, he deserves all the more praise for the acceptability of his Shackelton. Miss Elaine Eilson as Jane showed an undue tendency towards boisterousness. A well trained English servant is the reverse of boisterous. Once or twice she did some very delicate work, and Miss Eilson's great beauty stands her in good stead, but the bulk of it was overdone. I remember some remarks Will Shakespeare used to make when he was directing his Southwark Theater stock company, which Miss Eilson might ponder on: "Let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." The work of Mr. Ed. Collier as William was good, as was that of Mr. Fred Hight as old Mr. Kershaw. Master Boylan as Claude did excellent work for a juvenile, and of the balance of the company no complaint could be made. On the whole, I think that nobody regretted spending his money on Jane.

The Pavilion was crowded to the doors to hear the joint recital of Miss Jessie Alexander and Mr. Charles Roberts of New York. Miss Alexander always does well, and as Mr. Roberts has not been seen in Toronto for several years many were curious to hear him. I have no doubt too, that many went with deliberate intention of comparing his work with Mr. S. H. Clarke's recent recital. The programme, however, except in one instance, gave little opportunity for such, and Aux Italiens, which was recited by each, does not call for the highest powers of either artist. The New Yorker has a voice somewhat thinner in quality than the Torontonian's and is the least bit stagey. But for the bulk of Mr. Roberts' work, naught but praise can be given. The selection, Strike in the Forge, by Francois Coppee, was a grand piece of literature, well rendered. I believe that if Strike in the Forge were publicly rendered, in such a way as Mr. Roberts did it, in a time of local labor commotions, it would be apt to temporarily change the general public's attitude towards striking workmen. Mr. Roberts displayed much passion and his impersonation of the grief-stricken laborer, maddened to crime by the agency of an unjust employer, touched all. His humorous selections included a very poor selection entitled An Autumnal Reverie, a specimen of the worst development of American humor. Mr. Roberts did his best, but the piece was too silly and long-drawn out to be more than tedious. The sketch, The Top Note, was splendidly done as were the humorous rhymes to Tom Hood.

Miss Alexander did her work with her own inimitable *abandon*. Her first selection, Country Sleighing, is familiar to our readers, and was an excellent opening number, which, with its dance interlude was bound to put the audience into a good humor. In Two Scotch Courtships she handled the tongue of her motherland splendidly, and I liked none of her work better than Whitcomb Riley's The Small Boy Entertains. Miss Alexander has such a mobile face and seemingly a sympathetic insight in child-character which makes all her juvenile selections very popular. The Coming of the Bagpipes was well done also. The two dialogue numbers, scenes from Pauline Pavlovna and School for Scandal, were both much enjoyed by the audience. The former is somewhat stiff and talky for stage or platform purposes, but the latter, which admits of some acting, was very fine. Mr. Roberts' Sir Peter was excellent's vaudeville, and Miss Alexander's Lady Teazle was prettily frivolous. The playing of Napolitano's orchestra was excellent, and on the whole the entertainment was one of the pleasantest the season has seen. The arrangements were excellent, though it seems that for once a newspaper man was unable to take care of himself and the *Empire's* representative got lost among the wicked crowd.

It is with pleasure I announce that the famous Pitou Stock Company will reappear at the Grand on February 22, for three nights, and herewith I want to say a word or two of praise for Manager Sheppard. As one who reads the dramatic papers I have noticed that even in the city of New York, in the houses run on the same principle as the Grand, and playing itinerant attractions, the average scale of their attractions is below that of our Toronto theater. In looking over the past season and those attractions booked for the coming few months, one is really surprised at the excellence of the attractions already presented and to be seen, while the bad shows we have had at the Grand can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and in considering this, one must also consider Toronto's peculiar geographical position, the frontier customs wall and the many other disadvantages which make Mr. Sheppard's position infinitely more difficult than that of an American manager. It is a matter for self congratulation of every Toronto theater-goer that Mr. Sheppard is manager of the Grand.

For next week the Academy announces Maclean and Prescott in two dramas, Cleopatra and Spartacus the Gladiator.

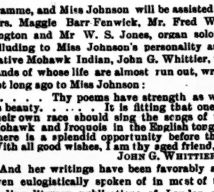
TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

On Friday next, February 19, Miss E. Pauline Johnson of Brantford, pronounced by the most competent critics to be Canada's greatest poetess, will give a dramatic recital of her own poetry at Association Hall. When Miss Johnson made her *debut* before the Toronto public at the Canadian Literature evening of the Young Liberal Club, she received nothing short of an ovation and with an opportunity not so limited her appearance next Friday should draw a large audience. It is definitely announced that The Avenger, The Cry of the Indian Wife, as Redmen Die and The Song My Paddle Sings will be included in the programme, and Miss Johnson will be assisted by Mrs. Maggie Barr Fenwick, Mr. Fred Warrington and Mr W. S. Jones, organ soloist. Alluding to Miss Johnson's personality as a native Mohawk Indian, John G. Whittier, the sands of whose life are almost run out, wrote not long ago to Miss Johnson:

. . . . . Thy poems have strength as well as beauty. . . . . It is fitting that one of their own race should sing the songs of the Mohawk and Iroquois in the English tongue. There is a splendid opportunity before thee. With all good wishes, I am thy aged friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

And her writings have been favorably and even eulogistically spoken of in most of the leading literary publications of London and New York.

The first theater to be licensed in the English-speaking world was not the Globe, where Shakespeare played, but one of the same name that was built in London twenty years earlier under patronage of the Earl of Leicester. Queen Elizabeth gave the license at his request in 1574. Shakespeare's hexagonal play house, also called the Globe, was licensed in 1603 by James I. and was said to be "the fairest that ever was in England." A brewery occupies the site of it.

After awarding some high praise and some evidently judicious censure to the Cardinal Wolsey of Henry Irving, Mr. William Archer continues as follows: "Would that one could say as much of Miss Terry's Queen Katharine. Thanks to nature and Mrs. Comyns Carr, it was stately and splendid to the eye, but to the ear it was thin and monotonous: to the mind, barren. Never before has one regretted so keenly Miss Terry's toneless voice and lack of declamatory technique. Her performance was like a recital on the clarinet of a part written for the bassoon."

It is actually pathetic to think of Mrs. James Brown Potter. She was a pretty woman, with a pleasant home and many friends; then she became an amateur actress, and getting an inflated idea of her abilities, determined to become a professional and "elevate the stage." She was a success of curiosity for a few months; then she took to marvelous gowns and sensational methods, but they did no good; and, rather than confess herself beaten and go home to her people—or sink to the depths in the great city where she had been almost a queen—she had gone off to the ends of the earth, with her Kyrie Bellew, and given her "magnificent renditions" with "overwhelming success" before a lot of Maoris, Dyaks, and exiled Europeans. Now she has gone down to South Africa, where Genevieve Ward and a minstrel company have preceded her.

Millocker's new opera, A Child of Fortune, was produced first in Vienna on Jan. 16. It is said by Continental critics to have had the most flattering "first night" that has ever been accorded to a work of the composer of The Beggar Student, Gasparone, and Poor Jonathan. It is full of tuneful melodies and catchy airs, to be whistled in the street or adapted to the topical songs of the variety stage. The scene is laid in Scotland. Tristan Florival, the hero, is an unsuccessful artist of the ultra-Bohemian type, who imagines that he always is in luck, because he is a Don Juan among women. After failing as a painter he becomes a traveling photographer, and in the first act brings up at the castle of Lady Sylvia Rockyll, in the midst of a masquerade ball. Lady Sylvia is a gay widow, who, although her lord has been dead but a year, is looking sharp for an advantageous and agreeable match for herself. She appears at the ball as Mary Queen of Scots, and decides to have her picture taken by Florival as she is being married to a man representing David Rizzio. The question, Who shall represent Rizzio? is a crucial one in the plot, for Lady Sylvia has indicated her intention to marry the man whom she selects for the part, and there are four jealous competitors for her favor. And so on with action fast and furious. The success of this opera was announced by one Vienna daily thus: "Born—Yesterday, to Carl Millocker and his Muse, a healthy Child of Fortune. Muse, child, public, and management are doing well."

Speaking of Beerbohm Tree's production of Hamlet, London *Truth* says: The new Hamlet is eminently a respectable young gentleman. He is not very mad—nor, indeed, is he very sane. He is a dreamy, lovable German mystic. There is in him more of the reflectiveness of Herr Devrient than the picturesque fervor of Fechter. The latest Hamlet will find favor with the young curates of the Established Church. He is an adept at intoning. The new Hamlet is not very much disturbed at the appearance of his father's spirit, or very wild when he parts with Ophelia, or very crazy when he hustles the King off his throne, whilst in his behavior to his mother, instead of being detestably rude as most Hamlets are, he does not, in his attitude to the indiscreet lady, commit any breach of the fifth commandment. Mr. Tree is sincerely to be congratulated in that he does not bore his audiences with new readings or worry his brain to suggest new ideas. Hamlet has been turned inside out enough already. The text, as we know it, is intelligently rendered, and, if the truth be told, the new Hamlet, instead of being a very modern and eccentric one, is far more in the spirit of the Keans and Kembles than in that of the Fechters and Wilson Barretts. It was hoped that, with the aid of modern scenic art and stage mechanical progress, Mr. Tree would have been able to deprive the poor Ghost of his portliness. But the most ardent manager retires baffled from the task. In the early scenes he is shadowy and indefinite; but in the closet scene the representative of buried Denmark is shot out of the floor like a sprite out of a demon-trap, and he "comes down heavy." In these unreverential days, I fear even the Ghost in Hamlet causes many a grin. Nothing is left to the imagination. Rampant realism girds at the poor Ghost. However, that excellent actor, Mr. Fernandez, makes up for the weight of the disembodied spirit by some elocution that speaks volumes in favor of the old school.

"Some men there are, love not a gaping pig; some that are mad when they behold a cat." This quotation from the Merchant of Venice shows that Shakspeare himself may be cited to verify the following incident related by John A. Lane of Modjeska's company. Speaking on the law of heredity, to which Zola is now turning his attention in order to prove that we are not entirely creatures of our own will, Mr. Lane told of this case: "There was an actor in a company of which he was a member who every night on 'making up' his face was seized with distressing spasms. He would experience such nausea and faintness that it was with difficulty he could recover sufficiently to go on with the performance. This occurred only while in his dressing room 'making up.' At first he was tempted to leave the profession and seek other means of livelihood: but as he was successful in every other way and had a family depending upon him, he felt it his duty to conquer his strange malady if possible. He finished his first season on the stage without obtaining relief, and the following summer returned to his family. They were keeping house and he was not troubled with the spasms for a number of weeks. One day his wife asked him to go to the market and make some purchases. He did so. While in the market he saw a pair of rabbits hanging on a hook. Rabbits were something he had never eaten. Thinking he would like to find out how they tasted, he inquired the price, and walking over to the hook he put out a hand to take them down. The instant his fingers touched the rabbits he experienced a violent spasm. When he recovered he began to speculate on the cause of the attack, and all at once it dashed upon him. Returning home he went to his 'make up' box and took out his rabbit foot (which actors always use to apply the rouge to their faces). On touching it he was again seized. The explanation is that the man had an inherent antipathy to rabbits which he could not conquer. He threw his rabbit's foot into the fire, used some other means of applying the rouge, always declined rabbit stew and was never afterwards troubled with spasms."

The Witness of Common Life.

Some people have very transcendental notions of religion; they make it consist entirely, or almost entirely of emotions and feelings, and, whatever they may feel in themselves, they very often fail to make others feel much about the value of religion. Their lives and their professed feelings are not in harmony. But that religion is little worth which will not give some indication, at any rate, of its existence in outer life. There is such a thing as an about-the-house religion. There is such a thing as the ministry of a broom. The acts of common life may be so done as to be the facts in the life divine. There was a servant girl who was asked, during the time of a revival in a certain place, whether she had been converted. Poor girl! she did not know much about the meaning of religious terms, but she did know what had an effect upon her life. She did her humble life service now as unto God, not with eye service, as simply a man-pleaser; conscientiousness in the small things of time was the evidence of her true apprehension of the great things of eternity.

A Critique of Full Dress.

"Billy, kin yer tell me why it is when the rich folks kin afford to buy all the clothin' they want for themselves that they prefer to go naked?"

Too Suggestive.

Tom Dickenharry—What do you think of the coat?

Jack Potter—Oh, it looks creditable.

Tom Dickenharry—Creditable, you say? I swear Jack, you may mean well, but I'm blamed if I like your choice of words!

Appeal to St. Valentine.

For Saturday Night.

Not the love of the maid or the matron,
Can I send to my valentine,
For on Schopenhauer, and Huxley,
And Tyndall, and Darwin, he'd dine,
And take a good drawing of Spencer,
As a kind of post prandial wine.

He dotes upon Kant and Hegel,
And on such protoplasmic juice,
And syllogisms, and science,
Much more than Blackstone, or Coke;
And he thinks Chesterfieldian graces
Of life, are its cinders and smoke.

He would much rather talk of the justice,
The single tax theories bring,
Of philosophies esoteric,
The occult sciences ring,
Than the latest morsel of fiction,
Or the songs the poets sing.

He talks of metempsychosis,
Till I am sorely perplexed;
I try to be orthodox purely,
But he argues me out of that next,
And lands me away in the cons past,
Till I own I am cross and vexed.

I have read, and discussed, and studied,
What his isms are all about,
But how to get at the fellow's heart,
Is a riddle I can't find out,
And the years go by in waiting
And leave me shadowed with doubt.

If I touch on love or on marriage,
The themes that are nearest my heart,
He launches out his discursive views,
On radical movements, to start,
On the virtue, or bane of divorces,
And is loving a long lost art?

And to-day when the wide world over,
Each maid has her valentine,
And sends him greetings, and kisses and love,
And flowers, and fancies fine,
I helplessly sit, and do not know,
What I'd to send to mine.

Oh! dear old saint, who is smiling
All lads and lasses upon,
Please steal from Cupid some arrows,
And put in my quiver anon,
To pierce the inflexible, adamant heart,
That beats for my friend John.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

Nearer to Thee.

For Saturday Night.

"Nearer my God to Thee," be that my prayer,
Thine would I ever be, thy mercies share;
In all my daily life to feel Thee near,
To guide and comfort me, my path to cheer.

"If an it be a cross"—yes, let it come;
That cross shall raise me up—Thy will be done.
"Still all my song shall be" dear Lord prepare
Me, a sinner deep in sin, Thy rest to share.

"Though like a wanderer" I've been for years,
I now return to Thee in grief and tears;
By day and night I go along my weary way
Alone—yet not alone, Thou art my stay.

"Then let the way appear," dear Lord make plain
The steps I need must take Thy home to gain.
"All shut Thou sendest me" with humble pride
I'll fear not even death, since Thou hast died.

"Then with my waking thoughts" I'll sing Thy praise,
In all my care and grief my prayers I'll raise.
"So by my woes to be" brought near to Thee,
And Thy pure love to know—Thy love for me.

"Or, if on joyful wings, upward I fly,"
"This all my song shall be," this all my cry;
Thou, Lord, hast rescued me—saved me from sin—
Open Thou the pearly gates and let in.

Into that blest abode where saints do shine,
Into those mansions bright—one shall be mine.
Then Thy dear face I'll see, O blessed sight!
There is no darkness there—Thou art the light.

So through this vale of tears, lead Thou me on,
Be Thou my comforter—bid care be gone;
Take Thou my hand in Thine, be Thou my guide;
Thou art my All-in-all, in me abide.

A. A. S.

"Why."

For Saturday Night.

Ah me! and is it thus we part
After these many years
Of close communion—speaking heart to heart,
Mingling both smiles and tears,
Sharing both hopes and fears.
There may not, cannot, must not be,
Sorrow so deep for such as we.

We must not say good-bye.
How could we bear to meet
As strangers, after whispered words of love,
Of precious memory sweet?
What deeper agony for you and I
Can touch our lives? when we have said "Good-bye."

I know of none, except perhaps to miss
The daily clasp of your dear hand,
Or the soft pressure of each tender kiss,
Keeping us willing prisoners in love's winsome band.
Missing all these, I ask in bitterness of heart
Loving and loved, why should we ever part?

M. E. MCCHALL.

To Failure.

For Saturday Night.

A firm determination boldly led,
To where the footsteps faltered through the snow,
O'er cragy, o'er fan, until at length we know
Our pathway lost, our light and courage fled,
Cold cheerless nights with darksome clouds o'erhead.
Hark, how the bleak wild winds around us blow,
On the same path where yester eve the glow
Of sunset lit the dying day with red,
And seemed to give to us ambitious height,
To give to every hope fresh life and breath,
Till thou, dread Fade, dead spirit of the night,
Hurled from the dizzy height to depths beneath
Fond hopes. Ah! Heaven, if this is life, is light,
Thrice welcome to the so-called darkness, Death.

J. M.

A Toast.

(The Knight to his fickle Lady.)

I will toast thee, fair maid, in a bowl of the finest
Canary we won from the rebels in Spain.
Let the winds hear me witness, thou art the divinest
Of creatures a knight ever battled to gain.
The winds will repeat, then forget it again.

Though I flaunted my sleeve at the gates of Granada,
And held thee the fairest, the truest, the best—
Ay, proved it to many a Southern bravado,
Who lay on the ground with my lance at his breast—
I find that another now doth thy behest.

And to-day in the tourney I meet my successor—
He claims among maids then art truest of all—
I ride at the sleeve of which he is possessor,
To catch it and hold it aloft are he fall,
Then place both thy sleeves on his bier in the hall:

So, at rest in his armor, thy poor blinded lover
May dream that both arms thou about him dost throw.
But the world which will stand as his side shall discover
How false was his challenge, how empty the show—
What he who will die for thee never will know.

PRAVEN SOUTY MINER.

Between You and Me.

TO the Chinese strike everyone as comically as they do me, I wonder! Always new, queer ways and ridiculous customs are announced as indigenous to the Lantern Land, but I don't know a more funny one than some enterprising journalist got into his paper lately in regard to Chinese banking procedure. It was all comical, but the climax tickled my fancy. "When a bank fails in China they chop off the directors' heads, and there hasn't been a bank failure in the last nine hundred years!" I should say not, for these thirty-six generations of bank directors needed their heads, and acted with care and honesty, so that they shouldn't imperil them. Great country, China; so direct and to the point, isn't it?

*

A correspondent writes to ask me if I think really nice people like to see their names in the papers. Yes, they do; perhaps not every one of them, but enough to make the rest annoyed and cranky. There is a certain amount of self-assertion in anyone who is all alive and interested, and one way it shows itself is by the satisfaction they take in a little public recognition. There is nothing to find fault with, my good correspondent, if Mrs. Bellebonnie likes to read that the reporter thought she looked well and danced gracefully. She thought so herself, and she now feels she had a right to, for the world agreed with her; neither need anyone sniff at Mrs. Hospitable's dance or dinner because it is noted among the doings of the social world. It was a delightful event; their guests did enjoy themselves; they and theirs take pleasure in reading over the item; why shouldn't they? False reports, unkind criticisms, undue flattery, personal strictures are certainly objectionable, but why be annoyed, indignant, or insulted because the creditable truth is told? There is a great deal of pretended seclusion and rubbishy ruffling of plumes over these matters, but the man and woman who says nothing is the more sincere and the more sensible, nine times in ten. I have given you a little longer answer than I intended, my fair correspondent, partly because I am answering a few others at the same time—killing a flock of pretty birds with one stone, as it were.

*

Our own honest feelings and opinions are sometimes overshadowed by what we feel and believe, just because we have an idea it is the correct thing, or are overawed by some stronger associate. How often do you see one determined, prejudiced, commanding woman silence half a dozen less iron-willed females, whose real opinions differ in wide degree from hers, but who let silence give consent, from timidity or noncombativeness. When such an one says: "I think it is perfectly disgraceful," it takes a good deal of grit to remark, "Well, I don't—what's your reason?" She won't give her reason; ten to one she hasn't got one: and if she finds an opponent that won't be quenched, she will either withdraw into dignified silence or sneer and confide to her nearest victim that "Really Mrs. So-and-So is very trying," whereas that plucky woman has right on her side, and the bully very well knows it.

*

I wonder which of my readers will welcome Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new book, David Grieve, and how many of them have read her former works? not the well known Robert Elsmere, which made her name and fame, but her child story, Milly and Olly, or her Miss Bretherton, in which, I have heard, Mary Anderson's charming personality is disguised as the actress-heroine. Robert Elsmere overshadows these earlier productions with his seven editions in five months, and his translations into German, Dutch and Danish. David Grieve is strong meat for men and babes won't agree with it. It represents three or four years of hard work, though Mrs. Ward's work is done under the most favorable circumstances in a bright home in Grosvenor Square, echoing the social and literary sounds of London, or in the heather-circled house among the hills of Surrey, which is as beautiful and artistic as the refined taste of her husband (who is art critic of the London *Times*), can make it.

*

A gentleman writes to me, protesting against my hardness toward the sterner sex. I don't know if he is a convalescent whose conscience is clear, or a happy man who never knew the misery of an enforced retirement in aches and pains, but I really didn't mean to be unjust to the sex in general, and I still don't believe that Mr. Gay is the only man on earth who acts unreasonably "under the doctor's care." In fact, from many a wicked little woman I have received confidences which, rather than my own direct experience, furnished the matter of that paragraph about how men act when they're ill. There are modified Mr. Bowsers right here in Toronto whose wives would go wild at their antics if they hadn't a keen sense of humor. Bless the hearty laugh, or the inward chuckle that helps us up many a scraggy path!

*

I wonder whether a few rules on deportment might not be enclosed to some of our fashionable folk, before the next large dance comes off. I have seen some funny things lately, and heard some queer remarks which I must not repeat, as they were not intended for publication. Did anyone else see the man who bunched up a very grand opera cloak into a cushion for his back, remarking, "Women shouldn't leave clothes lying on the sofas," or the young person who remarked, "Supper's on, Jack, let's get upstairs for a bit, till the woman are fed," or that very pretty girl who said loudly, "I never saw so many hideous women," or the matron who said, well, what she said may go—I shall never tell it, but don't you think those other speeches were just a little way off from refinement and good breeding. Not even a laugh can do away with their disagreeable flavor. LADY GAY.

Her First Appearance.

Grandma Tremlow (at the Columbia athletic exhibition)—Well, if there ain't our Charlie with nothin' but his under-clothes on. (In great excitement.) Here! you great big brute, don't you dare to strike him again like that! He a'n't done nothin' to you.

Individualities.

The Shah of Persia has a pipe worth $400,000. It is over-jeweled and a smoke pastes between gems of the first water.

Stonewall Jackson, his wife writes in her memoirs of him, passed most of his leisure time in camp, playing with his baby.

"If gentlemen of the press had half the employment that falls to me in what they call my life of idleness," writes Robert Louis Stevenson from Samoa, "they would lack the time to invent baseless rumors as to the health, opinions, and movements of a private person."

A wealthy spinster of Antwerp has presented to the Antwerp Cathedral an organ with 6,000 pipes, ninety registrars, four keyboards, and of such weight that the former organ gallery had to be taken away and a new one erected. The bellows are worked by a gas motor of three-horse power.

"What would become of France without her women?" inquires Kate Field. "Who do the hard work, keep the books, save the money and bring our stockings filled with coin when a national loan is issued? Whenever I hear men abusing French women, I feel like hiring somebody to knock them down."

Doctor Colin, a French military surgeon, believes that soldiers on a march should wear shoes with rubber heels. He holds that leather heels occasion a slight concussion which, in the course of an eight or ten hours' march by soldiers carrying sixty pounds in arms and baggage, injures the bony structures.

Rose Terry Cooke says of the expletive "well:" "Blessed Yankee monosyllable that means so much and so little; that has such shades of phrase and intention; that is 'yes' or 'no' or 'perhaps,' just as you accent it; that is at once preface and peroration, evasion and definition! What would all New England speech be without 'well!' Even as salt without savor, or pepper with no pungency."

Queen Natalie of Servia is the daughter of a Russian Colonel, De Kecho by name, and she has been forced to leave the kingdom because of her plots and intrigues in favor of Russia. Her husband abdicated the throne about five years ago, and their son, Alexander I., is now the reigning sovereign, though still a boy in the care of tutors. The real power, however, is vested in the Council of Regency, which is composed of nobles.

Mrs. Annie Besant, the arch-apostle of theosophy, says: "I find in all my lectures the most of the questions asked relate to re-incarnation. That doctrine seems to appeal to man's sense of justice, and at the same time to justify the whole plan of existence better than anything else. The average man, if he reflects that he will have to work out his own shortcomings, sees the justice of it at once, and is convinced of the rational basis of the belief."

Mrs. William J. Rader, of Brooklyn, was recently wakened at 5 a.m. from her sleep by a fire in her house which had cut off escape by the stairway. To escape immediate death she was forced to hang suspended from a window-ledge high above the street. Although a stout woman, she managed to hold her weight by her fingers for fully five minutes in freezing cold before she was rescued by the laddermen of a fire-truck. Brooklyn firemen consider her deed one of the most remarkable known to their department.

Lady Aberdeen, recently a visitor, with her husband, in this country, records her impressions of various cities in which she was entertained and pronounces Washington the most charming of all, because its streets are so beautiful. Her most disagreeable memory is of the streets of New York—a memory which she shares with most foreign visitors. She thinks it quite useless to attempt to evade the American newspaper man, who is determined to get what he is sent for, and generally succeeds. Lady Aberdeen is a tall, rosy-faced, large woman, amiable, generous and broad-minded. She is editor of the magazine *Onward and Upward*, and is especially interested in philanthropic work.

The late Duke of Clarence was not a great prince, but he was a good prince. In these days of the commonest and dingiest cynicism it is worth while to refer to the very strong affection which the young prince felt and frequently expressed for his home and his mother. He was modest and diffident; he always found speech-making a difficulty. He did not encourage presumption or forget his position; but, on the other hand, it was well known that his own tastes were particularly simple and quiet. "I would chuck it all up for five thousand a year," he is reported to have said to a Cambridge undergraduate. He had no great intellectual gifts; he was not a scholar; he was not a conversationalist. But he had a good temper, a kind heart, a ready sympathy. He was a capital shot, and the life of an ordinary country gentleman would have suited him well. He was temperate in all things. The loss of Prince Albert Victor takes from us a good prince, one for whom a loyal and sympathetic nation may well mourn.

The last words of remarkable persons will be always remarkable, no matter what they say; but some of them have an intrinsic interest of their own. When Boileau was asked, when dying, how he felt, he replied, in the words of Malherbe, "I am vanquished by time, I submit to his ill-usage," which one might well do at seventy five. One of the strangest of last speeches, considering the character of the man, was that well known one of Sir Thomas More upon the scaffold, who moved his beard aside as he knelt down, with the words, "Pity that should be cut which has never committed treason!" Poor Cowper, hopeless of salvation, declined a cordial that was offered him with a sad "What can it signify?" Crabbe died with the singular words upon his lips, "You must make an entertainment"—referring to the refreshments at his own funeral; Tom Paine, with the stubborn declaration, "I have no wish to believe upon that subject." What is really very curious, men in every way so different as John Knox and Laurence Sterne died with the very same last words, "Now it has come," the latter "putting up his hand as though to ward off an expected blow." The last words of Keats were, "Thank God, it has come!"

Mary Howe.

This beautiful young singer will make her first visit to Toronto on Friday next, when she will sing at the concert to be given by the University Glee Club.

'Varsity Chat.

THERE is a general hustle on the quiet towards the organization of parties to carry on Literary and Scientific Society elections. There must be money to spend in order that the society may fulfill its mission, and money cannot be procured without an election. I hear much about the old Inside and Outside parties, and if they existed now I would be an Insider. I like while I am on this earth to be a human being and allow my virtues and follies to freely commingle. The old Outsiders if judged by what their admirers says of them, were too good for this revolving orb. This party got above its surroundings and circumstances and eventually perished in mid-air.

*

A gentleman with whom I discussed some problems the other evening has written the following paragraph for this chat: Every sphere and avocation has men who are public nuisances and bores, but perhaps nowhere is this species of the *genus homo* so conspicuous as amongst students. Reasons accounting for this phenomenon might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but possibly the best explanation is that at this age knowledge is at the minimum while selfishness and conceit are at the maximum. The young stripling, idolized by a doting mother, with the fresh mown grass still in his unkempt hair and his clothes cut *a la* concession, is suddenly translated from his humble hamlet into the midst of a great city. He becomes a resident of a structure worth many thousands of dollars and which is fitted up in a manner indicative of the public purse. When thoroughly weaned (if he is not an exceptional young man) an amazing change takes place. Verdant green evolves into an insolent freshman. He identifies himself with his residence and takes on its airs. The hayseed of yesterday becomes to day a most insufferable bore, who at all times inflicts on tried friends and relatives smart stories in which he figures as hero, and misses no opportunity to enhance his importance by casual reference to his college. Another nuisance is the weakling whose ideal is to pose as a "tough young man." He is too young to be really bad, but what he lacks in deeds he amply makes up in words. See him sally out of his high class boarding house with his Sunday hat carefully tilted, prepared to paint the town. He winks knowingly to his youthful companions when passing ladies, visits some well known saloon and acquires the odor of lager beer by leaning in the bar and drinking pop. He will then beat a retreat to his quarters near the University and next day his excursion will be a "hilarious jag" and his memory will gradually improve until a volume would fail to contain its exciting incidents and his transcendently meteoric qualities. Then there is the plodder who at all times talks shop. Life to him is one tragedy and he is in the leading *role*. He succeeds in making all in his neighborhood miserable and then presumably is happy. Every average student can talk with ease upon any topic, knows no fear in the presence of his elders, is thoroughly positive and dogmatic upon all questions, solves with confidence and celerity the most abstruse and doubtful economic, theological and philosophical problems and following biblical admonition finds it more blessed to give than to receive advice. An American humorist illustrating the growth of knowledge says: "When I was a boy I knew twice as much as my father, and now my son knows twice as much as I do." *Quod erat* etc.

*

Prof. Ashley on Tuesday night delivered an address at a labor meeting in Richmond Hall. His views were much appreciated by the audience as he pointed out benefits that arise from trades unions.

*

The editor of the *'Varsity* has adopted the plan of adding footnotes to correspondence and reports, explaining the ideas intended to be conveyed by the contributor.

*

Trinity has appointed Mr. A. H. Young, B.A., '87, as her lecturer in modern languages. "Archie" since leaving us has been teaching with success at Upper Canada College. May success also attend him in his new sphere.

*

Mr. R. H. Knox, editor-in-chief of the *'Varsity*, has written many a local in his day and has scalped much country correspondence while connected in a general way with a thriving country weekly.

*

Mr. B. Kilbourn, B.A., '89, now in medicine, has just recovered from an attack of typhoid fever.

*

The current issue of the *'Varsity* has the following: "The truest answer on the part of the university to the demand for increased culture lies not in the direction of increased work. The higher standard is to be obtained by the encouragement of thought, and this will be best effected by having fewer text-books prescribed. The present system instead of developing a thorough student is developing a plus who spends every moment he can lay hold of in poring over his books, and in so doing neglecting the ordinary claims of health. And after all, what is the knowledge of such a student acquired in such a way? He goes out into life and finds there that the qualities which he neglected during his university course, qualities on whose neglect the university curriculum sets a premium, are there in demand. Instead of going out with a thorough development, he graduates a one-sided intellectual monstrosity. The present system is killing true university feeling, the plus is fast displacing the student, and if such a state of affairs is to continue in the future it speaks ill for the real success of the University of Toronto."

*

On Wednesday evening next the formal opening of the School of Practical Science will be conducted. The proceedings will be in the nature of an At Home. The building will be thrown open to visitors and they will have an opportunity of seeing the machinery in motion. JUNIOR.

The Valet.

"Looking at the question in no other light," Mr. Elisha Dyer said recently to a New York *World* reporter, "it would not be a bad idea for a bachelor to lay aside thirty or forty dollars a month for a valet. He will find that in ten years, even though he be a fine dresser, his expense for clothes will not be over two thousand dollars. Clothes wear better when constantly looked after, pressed thoroughly and the stitch in time that saves nine attended to. In the matter of cravats alone, think what a delight it is always to have them properly ironed smooth. How long a supply of ties will last under the skilful touch of a valet no one knows who has not been served by one. The expenses that are continually falling upon a bachelor from not having the proper thing ready when wanted, necessitating an immediate purchase, are obviated by the services of a valet. These are the expenses and annoyances, by the way, that so many bachelors flee into matrimony to avoid. They think that the motto, 'A place for everything and everything in its place' is the adjunct of domesticity alone. The bachelor, however, who has an intelligent valet, can have as well ordered a 'home' as a man with the most domestic of wives."

Of Proposals.

Among many remarkable proposals of marriage which have been published from time to time in the newspapers, the most unique is the following, which appears in the Augusta Chronicle's advertising columns:

WANTED—A young lady for clerk of the County Court of Elbert County. It will be necessary for her to marry the County Judge. Address J. A. Roebuck, County Judge, Elberton, Ga.

Coming, as it does, in the dawn of leap year, this advertisement by Judge J. A. Roebuck has special force and significance. Application for the position of clerk under the terms of the above advertisement would be equivalent, of course, to a proposal of marriage to Judge Roebuck. This, in any other year, might not be considered just the proper thing for a young lady to do, but in leap year who shall question her right to such a course? But see the cleverness of the judge. By simply mustering up the audacity to announce in the advertising columns of the two leading papers in Georgia that he is anxious for a wife, which is an entirely praiseworthy aspiration, and which is the plain English of his clever advertisement, he has at a single bound left the embarrassing position of suitor and taken the vantage ground of the one to be wooed. And see, too, the easy avenue of escape from undesirable applicants which is left to him and the embarrassment which is saved the young ladies. While it might be a trying ordeal for a young lady to propose marriage even to the man she loves, in this day of female stenographers, typewriters and bookkeepers, there need be no embarrassment on a lady's part in applying for any respectable clerkship. Therefore, when a young lady has become acquainted with Judge Roebuck of the Elbert County Court, and feels that she is willing to share the honors and emoluments of his office, she has only to apply for the position of clerk in his court. If the judge fancies the applicant, the bargain can be closed at once, and the clerk's salary remains in the family. If, on the contrary, the applicant would not be acceptable as Mrs. Roebuck, the judge has only to represent the duties of the office as being such that she could not fill them, and regret that he cannot give her the position. Both parties thus escape all referee or to the embarrassing part of the business. In the language of the sporting gentry, the judge is "on velvet."

The Woman of Forty.

"The woman of forty—*la femme a quarante ans*—has her true blossoming in France," writes Mr. John Sherwood in the *Bazar*. "She is then at the height of all her successes; she is not yet to be jealous or exacting; she knows the world, and takes what comes with that philosophy which springs from knowledge. Men talk with her; and if they have entered on a tender ship, they know that there will be no scene, no upbraiding, when an inexorable fate comes in to end the pleasant little drama with a pretty regret on the woman's shifter. Although the novelties paint the love of a woman of forty as ridiculous, they all make love to her—and really the women of that age seem to have all the influence. They never struck me as being the least tragic, or as taking this love making seriously; but they are a charming element in society, and of infinite use to the world. Frenchwomen are very superior to Frenchmen, as we see them, as a rule. They contain in themselves the advantages of two distinct epochs, and while possessing nearly as much personal charm as in youth, they have all that one gains by experience and maturity. They keep things together as the young could not do. They set people at ease, and listen as well as talk. They recall the day of the salon, because they are ready to sacrifice themselves to the group which they gather around them, and they have no ambition to be useful, which was unknown to the *precieuses ridicules*. Indeed, a Frenchwoman of any age seems to have a private orbit of her own, which stays by her through good report and evil report, through good fortune and evil fortune; she is always pleasing, cheerful, and sympathetic.

An Artist.

"Where have you been, Frank?"
"Down at St. Louis."
"What were you doing there?"
"I ran a photograph gallery."
"Did you get anything to do?"
"Well, I should say I did. I put out a sign, 'Babies taken here,' and next morning there were four of them left on the door-step."

Perhaps It is the Grip.

Mr. Manhattan Beach—I read in the papers that the Sultan of Turkey has got a very bad cold.

Mr. Harlem Bridge—No wonder he has a bad cold. He has got between England and Russia, and the coolness just now between these two countries is something fearful.

A Scientist's Opinion.

Mrs. Musicmad—Doctor, why is it that all the great pianists have such long, bushy hair? Professor Savage (reflectively)—I presume it is to keep off the flies while they are performing.

The Heiress of Proctor's Lane

Newton's boarding-school was where I first became acquainted with my friend Jack Wilkinson. He was then a little round-faced, curly haired boy, about ten years of age, and I being two years his senior, he was put under my especial protection. He had been a spoiled child, and until his tenth year the world had been to him a world of indulgence. His will had been the regulator of his home, and his pleasure the main object sought by his mother. Quite naturally such a training resulted in rash and glaring acts of insubordination which led to his temporary expulsion from home and his subjection to the discipline of school.

I soon became very fond of Jack. We naturally feel attached to those who cling to us for support, and everything was new to him, poor fellow! that without me he was miserable. By day and by night he was my appendage. He sat at the same desk, casting up his little sums or writing his little exercises, and at night his little bed was close to mine, and he used to talk to me about his pups and mamma and the big dog Pompey, till he talked himself to sleep. At that very early age he had acquired a taste for extravagance. His money always burned a hole in his pocket, and when it was gone many a dime did he borrow of me.

These premature extravagances, petty as they certainly were, of course led to difficulties; and perhaps the worst result likely to arise from early embarrassments is the habit of hiding and making a mystery and a concealment of troubles which nothing but candor could really remedy. And thus it was with Jack. Had I not loved him and been a real friend, he would have forfeited my friendship a hundred times, so often did he borrow, and so often did he promise repayment, and so often did he forget to fulfil the promises he made. But no, I wrong him, he did not forget; I always saw that he felt infinitely more annoyed than I did when he stood before me a defaulter, and that flushed cheek and moistened eye conveyed that he endured humiliation, and that at heart he was even then my honorable friend. Many times the tears he shed at my departure from school. He said nothing about the accumulated debt he owed me; but when I said, "Jack, be sure you write to me," I suspect that he almost expected me to add, "and don't forget to enclose the money."

During my career at Harvard we never met; at first our interchange of letters was frequent, and the style of our communications most affectionate; but gradually a change came over the spirit of our dream, and for a whole year I heard nothing of him. At last 6th came a splendidly bound copy of a work which he knew to be my favorite, and in the title page was written: "From his affectionate and grateful friend, Jack."

"Yes," thought I, as I read the inscription, "and thou art still my honorable friend." Jack, after so long a period had elapsed, was naturally ashamed to send me the few dollars he owed me, but he could not be happy until he had spent much more money on a gift which was intended to repay me. After leaving Harvard I traveled in Europe for many months, and on my return to the United States I ran across my friend Jack at a hotel at Saratoga, in every sense of the word, a gay man about town.

Ours was more like the reunion of boys after a summer's vacation than the meeting of men who had seen something of the world. We could talk only of the past, of frolic, and of fun; and while arm in arm we ranged the streets, we laughed almost as much, and were nearly as thoughtless, as in the days when together we ranged the playground of our school.

Whatever I may have been, Jack was indeed unchanged, and not alone in spirits and temper, for I soon found that his old habits had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He still retained his sweet tooth, and daily did he indulge it as he used of old. The only difference was that the indulgence was somewhat more refined and more expensive; for alas! I soon saw that the old injunction, "Put it down to my bill," had by no means fallen into disuse. I also saw, with regret, that all other tradespeople were most impartially dealt with by Jack in the same way; and I saw him take possession of the hats, coats, hats and boots, without considering it requisite to take his purse out of his pocket.

Now I knew that Jack was a rich man, in all probability, be exceedingly well off, but I greatly doubted his having it then in his power to pay for one-fourth of the valuable articles which I saw him so unceremoniously take possession of. I one day ventured to speak to him on the subject, and from his embarrassed manner, and the deepened color in his cheek, I saw he felt the truth of what I said; but I still found that with the old error, he still retained the old habit of fibbing to endeavor to conceal it; and the consequence was that we spent our evening together with much more reserve than usual. The next morning I forgot all that had passed, for Jack ran to my bedside to inform me that he was obliged to go to Arizona, and must leave in a day or two. He showed me his letters, and it was evident that he must prepare for immediate departure. We breakfasted together, and during the repast the waiter was continually presenting him with notes, and it appeared that several persons had called very earnestly wishing to see him. I had my suspicions about these visitations, but said nothing.

Immediately after breakfast, he took my arm, and requested me to walk with him; and after passing through several streets in unusual silence, and with an appearance of agitation in his manner, he suddenly addressed me.

"There is no alternative," said he, "I must go."

"You must, indeed, Jack," I replied, "unless you are detained."

"Detained!" said Jack, blushing, "how do you mean?"

"Pardon me," I answered, "but really, few young men could go on as you have lately done, and be prepared for a departure so sudden; now, my dear boy, you know what my finances are; you know I have literally nothing to spare, but if, knowing this, you think I can be of temporary use to you, command me."

He grasped my arm, and his eyes watered, but he was ashamed to own the extent of his incumbrances; he therefore hastily answered:

"This is like yourself, my dear friend, and at the moment you may indeed serve me by putting your name to a note."

"Not of a large amount, I trust?"

"No—yes—larger, I fear, than——"

"If it be a large sum, you know that if your draft is not honored when it is due, I get in trouble instead of you."

"Never," said he, with a fervor and an evidence of deep feeling which I could not distrust.

"Well, then, what is the sum?" said I.

"First let me tell you some circumstances which press heavily on my heart," he said, "not here—come with me this way."

And in solemn silence he led me to Proctor's Lane.

"What can all this mean?" said I at last.

"Hush!" he whispered. "You see that house?"

And he pointed to a very handsome and well appointed mansion.

"See the house?" I replied. "To be sure I do; and what then?"

"That house is owned by one of the richest men in the city."

"I should think so," I answered.

"He has an only daughter," said Jack.

"Has he?" said I.

"His sole heiress," Jack continued.

And again I answered, "What then?"

"I am ashamed of having concealed this so long from so dear a friend," he murmured.

"All what?"

"But the secret was not my own."

"What secret?"

"That lovely girl!"

"Upon my word, Jack," I cried, "you put me out of all patience."

"I have won that girl's affections."

"The heiress," said I.

"She loves me," whispered Jack.

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "this is news indeed. You have no occasion for assistance from a poor fellow like me."

"Oh!" said Jack mournfully, "you have not heard all; she loves me—fondness loves me—but I love that girl! But rich as her father is, were he to suppose that I am involved, he would forbid the match."

"A very sensible old man."

"That may be; but there is another obstacle—my present position. Clara will not consent to marry any one who is dependent."

I could not repress a laugh.

"It is a foible, perhaps," said Jack rather piqued, "but it is her only one, and I must humor it; but my business advancement depends——"

"Well, well," said I, "I understand all this; but tell me at once what you wish me to do for you?"

"To put your name to a note for two thousand dollars," faltered Jack.

"Mercy on me! what a sum!" said I. "However, it must be done, and when the note becomes due——"

"I will honorably pay it."

"If not, into bankruptcy I go; and now let us return to our hotel.

"One moment," said Jack; "I love to look at the house."

"At the casket which contains the gem?" said I.

"Yes, and for your sake too, I love to look at it. You see those three windows shaded with sky-blue silk curtains? Oh! such a little room that is, and that room I always mean to have your own exclusively when I am master of the mansion. Such a room! the furniture so exquisite! and such a view of the park! But come, we'll talk all that over while we are at dinner."

Before that meal was half finished Jack seemed quite to have recovered his spirits; and I could not help suspecting that, as the prospect of an immediate separation did not tend to depress him, he loved the lady less than he loved her gold.

"I can't imagine," said I, "when you contrived to win your divinity; you said I have been for months almost inseparable, and——"

"Ask no questions," he replied; "the secret is not my own."

"I entirely, certainly," I replied; "so I will not interrogate you farther. Is she to inherit that house in Proctor's Lane from her father?"

"To be sure she is; and such a house as it is! and that room which I mean for you! You are fond of a hot bath?"

"Very."

"There is a sky-blue silk sofa in that room, and when you touch a spring, it flies up (I don't exactly know how), and turns into the most delightful white marble bath!"

"How very nice!" said I.

In the evening I put my name to the note, and the next morning we parted with mutual expressions of regret.

I missed him sadly, and it so happened that after he went, many untoward circumstances occurred, which having first materially lowered my resources, next effectually lowered my spirits, and I used to saunter through our old haunts looking like the ghost of his companion.

When he was gone, I became acquainted with many circumstances connected with his expenditure which perfectly astounded me, and at the end of four months (exactly two months before it was to become due), I had every reason to doubt whether the note would ever be paid. I was conscious of my own utter inability to pay it, and I therefore existed for days or two in a state of mental excitement not to be described. One day after breakfast I sallied forth more dolorous than usual, and after wandering about for some time, I found myself in Proctor's Lane, opposite the identical mansion inhabitated by Jack's intended.

"Ah!" thought I, "were Jack now in possession of that house, all would go well with us; his heart is in the right place, poor old fellow, but, alas! before he puts me in possession of that sky-blue apartment, I may be a bankrupt and my name disgraced."

As I looked towards the balcony of the drawing room, I saw a lady watering some geraniums; and suddenly turning her head toward me, she seemed to recognize me, and give me a familiar nod.

I soon discovered it was my old friend, Mrs. Simmons. Beckoning me to the window, she exclaimed, "Oh! I'm delighted to see you; we only came to town yesterday—we are on a visit to Mr. Molesworth: pray come in, and I'll introduce you."

I knocked at the hall-door in a state of mind not to be described—the hall-door of a house in which I (by anticipation) already possessed a room of my own, with sky-blue curtains! I walked upstairs, and Mrs. Simmons received me at the drawing-room door, and introduced me to Mr. Molesworth and his only daughter, a lovely fair-haired girl of about eighteen.

In this family I spent many happy days; and being, though unknown to her, so well acquainted with the secret of the young lady's heart, I became more intimate with her than I could have been with any one else without incurring the imputation of sex-ous intentions. My knowledge of the secret was communicated to another person made me feel perfectly at ease; and we became the talk of all our acquaintance, without my being in the least aware that we were engaged even in a little flirtation.

To my utter astonishment Mrs. Simmons came to me one day (it was the day before that on which Jack's note was to become due), and with a knowing look asked me why I was out of spirits. I gave an evasive reply, for I did not choose to let the poor girl encounter difficulty which was threatening to overpower me.

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Simmons. "Go boldly and make your offer; your connections are unexceptionable, and whatever your present income may be, your prospects are excellent; besides, she has enough for both."

"And pray," I replied, "what do you mean by 'she?'"

"Miss Molesworth, to be sure," said my friend. "I am sure she is attached to you, and——"

"You know nothing about it," said I, "for I can tell you that——"

I hesitated, for I had no right to betray Jack's secret.

"Well," said Mrs. Simmons at one door, and at the same moment enter Miss Molesworth at the other.

"What is the matter?" said the young lady, earnestly. "You seem agitated! What has happened?"

"Are we alone?" said I, after a pause. "It is better that I should be explicit."

Miss Molesworth started, colored, and cast down her eyes. Had I been a favored lover on the point of making my avowal of attachment, she could not have been more embarrassed.

"Do not be alarmed," said I. "I am Jack's best friend; and I know your secret."

"My secret!" cried Miss Molesworth.

"Yes, dear lady," I answered. "I am, as I told you before, the intimate friend of Jack."

"Of Jack!" said she.

"Yes," I answered, taking her hand. "I'm Jack's old school fellow."

"And pray, sir," said she, withdrawing her hand, "who is Jack?"

"Do not distress yourself," I whispered. "Do not think it necessary to conceal anything. He told me all."

"All what?" cried Miss Molesworth.

"Your mutual attachment—your engagement," I replied.

Miss Molesworth started up, coloring crimson. At first she could not articulate, but at last she said, "I know not, sir, to what I am to attribute this conduct. I have been attached to no one—engaged to no one. I know not of whom it is you speak. I had considered you, sir, in the light of a friend, but now, sir, now——"

She could say no more, but sank on a chair beside me in a flood of tears. A mist at the moment fell from my eyes. At once I saw the full extent of Jack's unpardonable falsehood, and the distressing certainty flashed on my mind that his note would not be paid.

Mrs. Simmons entered at that moment, and found us both apparently plunged into the deepest despair. Miss Molesworth was in an instant weeping on her shoulder; and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, without knowing exactly how it happened, I found myself breathing forth vows of love to the young lady, and exulting in my discovery that her engagement to my friend Jack was a fable.

Miss Molesworth referred me to her father, but I read in her large blue eyes that she did not dislike me. I therefore retired to my bed that night full of love and hope, and dreamed of driving my wife in a chariot, drawn by six dragons, over the mangled body of Jack Wilkinson.

The next morning my first thoughts were of my approaching interview with Mr. Molesworth; but, alas! it was soon followed by my recollection of the note and the too great probability that before night I should be in financial difficulties. My own resources were at this moment inadequate to meet the demand, and could I ask a rich man to let me marry his daughter, and expect that his first act would be to meet an unpaid note?

At length I made up my mind to walk to Jack's creditor and at once ascertain the worst. I did so, and on my return I was astonished at being informed by a clerk that "Mr. Wilkinson has provided funds for the payment of the note."

So far I had wronged my honorable friend, and therefore was able to appear in Proctor's Lane in excellent spirits. The course of my true love did, for a wonder, run smooth, and all our preliminaries having been finally arranged, the Molesworths left town for the country, and I remained to arrange some matters which could in all probability detain me for a couple of months. I was sitting in my own room, rather out of spirits, the morning after my true love's departure, when the door opened, and in came Jack. He was so evidently delighted to see me again that I could not help receiving him kindly. He spoke of the obligation I had conferred on him previous to his departure; and, after frankly acknowledging the gratification I had felt at his punctuality, I said, "And now, Jack, that you are a business for yourself, nothing can interpose to prevent your marriage."

"My marriage!" said Jack, blushing all over.

"Yes," I replied, laughing in my sleeve. "Your marriage with the heiress of Proctor's Lane."

"Oh!" cried Jack, starting from his chair and pressing my hand; "never—never, I entreat you, mention that subject again."

"Why so?" said I.

"It is all off," he sighed.

"Off!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, "the traitress! but I cannot speak on the subject—never name it again."

I, of course, promised to obey him, and for some days we enjoyed ourselves very much in the old way. One morning he came to me in real distress, and told me that his tailor had threatened to sue him for the amount of his bill; I offered to go and speak to the man, and endeavor to persuade him to give Jack time.

"If he will only give me a month," said Jack.

"Well," I replied, "I can but try him;" and away I went.

The tailor was inexorable; but he told me that if I would become responsible for the payment of the debt in a month, he would consent to wait; if not, he was determined to sue Jack at once. I hesitated for a moment, and then, recollecting his prompt payment of the note, I made myself responsible for the amount of the bill, and then returned to congratulate my friend. When I told him what I had done, he started up and exclaimed: "You do not mean to say you cannot have made yourself responsible for the amount of that fellow's bill!"

"I have, I assure you," said I.

"Then," said Jack, "you will have to pay it. I shall have the money myself—I never asked you to incur the responsibility—I never expected it, and all I can say is, that you will have to pay it."

"My dear boy," said I, "it will not be in my power—I am peculiarly situated; at the end of a month I shall be unable to pay one, and paying this will be out of the question."

Still, Jack protested that he had never asked me to become responsible, and it ended in his leaving me in a very ill humor. My engagements employed me for days together in the city, and I saw very little of Jack. When we did meet, my manner was cold and constrained, and it was not until within a day or two of the expiration of the month that I had time to think of the very inopportune and annoying responsibility which I had incurred. The very day I met Jack, and spoke to him very earnestly and seriously about the payment; but he slighted most deeply my advice, and much he lamented my having engaged to make the payment, and pathetically bemoaned the emptiness of his own pockets. In the morning I called on the tailor, earnestly requesting him to renew the term for a month, and was then told that my honorable friend had called that very day, and had paid in his hands the sum for which I was responsible.

I went instantly to call upon him, and he received me with laughter, in which I was unable to resist joining; but I must confess, I laughed the more from the recollection that my hour of revenge was at hand.

About a fortnight afterwards—the family of my intended having arrived in town for the wedding, which was to take place the next morning—Jack inquired, what is the matter that seemed to occupy me from morning till night, and why it was that we so seldom met?

"My dear Jack," said I, "it has been a secret, but I will now hide no secrets from you; I am going to be married to-morrow."

"Married to-morrow!" cried Jack. "Tell me all about it. Who is she? Where does she live? Is she pretty? Is she rich?"

"There is no time," said I, "to answer your questions at present. I live with the family at six, and mean to take you with me; go and dress, and in half an hour I will call for you in a carriage."

"Where does your intended live?" said Jack, as we drove along.

"Time will show," I replied.

"Where are we going now?" said Jack, as the carriage made a sudden turn.

"We are in Proctor's Lane," I replied.

"And the lady lives here?" faltered Jack.

"In Proctor's Lane," said I.

Jack sat in a state of evident confusion; and when the carriage stopped at Mr. Molesworth's house he said, "I don't like—I am quite ashamed of myself—come, come, turn back, and drive home."

"By, no ,means," I replied, as I rang the bell.

"Why, you won't go in!" cried Jack, as he breathlessly ran up the steps after me, and vigorously pulled the tail of my coat.

"Go in," said I, "to be sure, and you will meet old friends, and show me the room with the sky-blue hangings, and bath."

"You are going too far," whispered Jack. "I see my error—I uttered what was false—forgive me. But these servants, and the inmates of the house, will think us mad."

"Not at all," I replied; "speak the truth in future as I have done to you."

I pressed his hand, and led him up the stairs. I saw that he was depressed and humiliated, and when we got to the drawing room door he murmured, "And do they know it; I cannot face them."

"They know nothing," I replied, "and shall never know from me anything discreditable to my honorable friend Jack."

"I will never utter a falsehood again," said Jack; and I firmly believe that he adhered to his resolution.

SURPRISE Soap Saves the worker. It takes only half the time and work to do the wash, without boiling or scalding the clothes. the clothes are not rubbed to pieces; there's no hard rudding—but the dirt drops out and they're left snowy white. the hands after the wash are white and smooth—not chapped. READ the directions on the wrapper.

Love Tightly Bound.

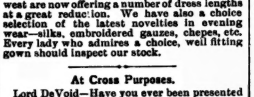
Practical Girl.—You wish me to marry you, and to go to the far west to struggle for existence on a timber claim. Do you not fear that when poverty comes in at the door, love will go out of the window?

Ardent Suitor.—No; indeed. We'll live in a dug-out, and there won't be any window.

Magnificent Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York, via Erie Ry.

The Erie Ry. have had two of the finest sleepers made that money would buy, especially for this run. They leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m. daily, except Sundays, arriving in New York early next morning. Beautiful dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For further information apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Comrades.



Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are now offering a number of dress lengths at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in evening wear—silks, embroidered gauzes, chepes, etc. Every lady who admires a choice, well fitting gown should inspect our stock.

At Cross Purposes.

Lord DeVoid—Have you ever been presented at court, Mrs. Lakeside?

Mrs. Lakeside—Oh, lots of times! There isn't a judge in Chicago that doesn't know me. I've been divorced three times, you know.—*Epoch.*

A Western Bluff.

Edgar Saltus says—Chicago has two suburbs, New York and San Francisco.

A lady writes the simple truth, as follows: "Dear Sirs,—I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use." Mrs. John McLean.

Was Tired of It.

"Papa," said little four-year old Tommy, "I wish you would tell me what th a proverb is?"

His Pa—"Why, child, there is one that applies to you just now: "Speech is silver; silence is golden."

"There you go," exclaimed Tommy in disgust, "brinsin up the everlastin' quethtion of bimetalithm."

Certificate.

MARIEVILLE, Sept. 12, 1882.

S. LACHANCE, Esq.—Sir, my dyspeptic condition is natural and hereditary; although it does not cause me much suffering, I require from time to time some remedy to aid digestion. To do justice to Dr. Sey's Remedy, I should say that of all the medicines which I have used, none have given me so much satisfaction as this preparation.

Believe me your very devoted servant,

LEON STE. MARIE.

Outwitted.

Ragged Robert—What luck did yer have in that there restaurant?

Mouldy Mike (sadly)—I got er big meal ther, reg'lar spread, but I had ter pay all th' money I had for it. Ain't yer ashamed fer drinks.

Ragged Robert (in disgust)—Pay! Why didn't yer dead beat it an' let 'em send fer a perlicemen, as yuh said yuh would. Yer wouldn't a had ter pay no money.

Mouldy Mike (pathetically)—But they wasn't goin' to send fer a perlicemen. They was goin' ter send fer a stomach pump.

Chinese Matrimony

Is a subject of general interest. How it is associated with flower culture is told in the attractive advertisement of Peter Henderson & Co. in another column. Lovers will be especially interested in this advertisement—and what interests the ladies will certainly be worth the attention of the men.

Silk.

Our grandmothers, who were the proud and happy owners of only one silk gown, and who considered themselves fortunate to have such a possession, would be amazed beyond expression (writes a Paris correspondent of the New York *World*) if they could know the reckless extravagance with which we in our day use the precious silk. All the new gowns are lined with silk or satin. Satin merveilleux is of a fine, firm, yet heavy texture, which adapts itself beautifully for a dress lining, and, therefore, it is of satin merveilleux that the newest dress-linings are made. One must take very good care to get a quality of silk for lining which w.ll not crack or cut, or, otherwise, there will be the unpleasantness of finding a lining all cut and worn when the outside of the dress is still as good as new. The same thing holds true of skirt-linings. No skirt hanga so well as the one which is lined with silk; but one must be careful to get silk which will not crack, or the skirt-lining will be gone before the skirt has been worn half a dozen times.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS
GOLD MEDALS PARIS 1878 1889
Numbers for Ladies' use, Medium and Broad Points 604, 166, 332, 128, 257, 352, 404, 161, 432, 303, 604, 525 (oblique). Fine Points—048, 166, 257, 303, 505.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co. (Limited) MONTREAL
Offer for sale all grades of refined
SUGARS AND SYRUPS
Of the well-known brand of
Redpath
Certificates of Strength and Purity:
CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL UNIVERSITY.
To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.55 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.
Yours truly,
C. F. GIRDWOOD.

CAIN ONE POUND A Day.
A CAIN OF A POUND A DAY IS THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,
SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda
IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50C. AND $1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

USE Dr. Sey's Remedy
THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY for DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, AFFECTIONS, CONSTIPATION, and all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price: $1.00

MOTHERLY ADVICE
MY DEAR, WHEN YOU CAN SAY THE FINEST GOODS AT A LOW PRICE YOU MUST BE SILLY TO PATRONIZE OLD, SHOPWORN GOODS. BUY ONLY YOUR DIAMONDS WATCHES JEWELLERY AND SILVER-WARE GUNS, PISTOLS AND BICYCLES AND SPORTING GOODS AT WHOLESALE PRICES
SEND FOR CATALOGUE IF YOU ARE NOT CLOSE WITH YOUR REPAIRS AS GOOD AS YOU MAKE
FRANK S. TAGGART & CO. 89 KING ST WEST TORONTO

PATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste
PERFUMES THE BREATH
30 YEARS IN USE

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

For Yellow Gold.

When the stage "went light" they ran out the small buckboard; but when there were more than four passengers the big mud-wagon was "put on." This was a buckboard day, for there was not a single passenger. What was more to the point, as the Gold Butte Mining Company regarded it, was that under the driver's seat was a box with ten thousand dollars in the newest of new tens and twenties in it.

The driver had looked very blue when he drove his four mustangs from the postoffice—where he took on a very flat leather bag, which spoke loudly of the incapacity or disinclination of the Thimble Spring people for letter writing—over to the railroad station, where he was to take on the box. Things were going all wrong at home. That was why his brown face looked so haggard; that was why he held so closely to the "lines;" that was why he chewed so hard on the bit of "plug" in his mouth

"Such hard scratchin' I never seed afore," was what he said as he had listlessly thrown the mail-bag into the wagon; "can't get no decent job nowadays. Nothin' ter be hed by prospectin'—tried that time an' agin; of I git anything it peters out inside of a week. I might make a shiner over ter Sano Gulch, but it's a derned long way off, an 'sno' 'Sce an' the kids hev moved so often 'at we can't raise nothin' ter move on now. Why in Sam Hill did Sue hev ter git that rheumatis jes now, when we's so hard up, an' afore she weaned the baby? It's a damned shame. Why can't Bill git something' ter do?—great, big, lunk-headed cuss. If I hed a brother, poover'n a crow, d'ye think I go an' live on him, till thar warn't nuthin' ter eat in the house? Sho, Zach Springer, you're a blamed fool. B'll ain't done that. He ain't ter blame fer gettin' his leg broke thar time. Bill's all right, but he' onlucky. Been tryin' fer a month ter get a job, an' can't git it nowhere. He's willin' ter work. He'd stan' crotch-deep in the creek all day long washin' out tailin's, ef he could make his salt at it. Tried it fer six weeks an' didn't git enough to buy a pair o' gum-boots. Whoa, Buckskin! Damn that one-eyed crow-bait! he'd jam right inter the station platform ef yer didn't saw his teeth out."

And then the box was taken on, and the express agent had something to say. That "something" was not to Zach Springer's liking. He chewed harder than ever on the bit of plug, and sawed the hard mouths of the mustangs by an unnecessary yanking of the reins. It was a positive relief to be able at last to whack his lash down upon the sides of the nervous brutes and turn them loose for the forty miles run to Gold Butte. Why had he needed a lecture from a hireling of the express company, and why should that smooth-jowled agent have looked at him with such dark suspicion?

"They think 'cos I got stood up down ter Black Rocks las' time I had a big load o' gold, thar's ter be preached to every time I p' out now with a full box. Damned stoop-shouldered, desk-settin' hounds! I'd like ter see one on 'em handlin' the ribbons when thar's a Winchester lookin' at 'em with an eye as big as a bar'l-head. Can't tell me they wouldn't give in! The swe-t-scented, calf skin booted young ladies! Thar ain't a man among 'em."

Zach Springer's indignation was now in more complete possession of him than had been his feeling of uneasiness a little earlier. That he had delivered himself of just now was not what he would have said had he voiced his true sentiments with reference to the express agent's lecture. In between the words ran the thought that "they" had suspected him of having a hand in the Black Rocks robbery. It had come to him before in what he called a "left-handed" way, and he had had other outbursts of religious indignation, but none in which the upheaval was so great as that of the present. Had that been the reason the stage company had cut down his pay to "sixty a month? The chances were that it was. He was too blamed mean for a lot of swine, like these people, to come it so high handedly over a poor man who only wanted his own. Wouldn't it serve them just right, if—

The white dust of the desert rolled up from the mustangs' hoofs in little puffs, and sprays of it, powdery fine, followed the turn of the wheels half-way up, there to be caught by the breeze and drifted behind in a long cloud that followed the buckboard like a banner streamer. Sometimes, as the light breeze shifted, it came back upon the buckboard and its driver like heavy thoughts on the conscience of a guilty man.

It would serve them just right! Besides that, only think—ten thousand! What would the people down in Mexico or Guatemala, where he would fly, know or care if somebody up in far-off Nevada had dumped a box off his buckboard and gone back and got it after a few—days—maybe a week! It would have to be a dark night, would it? You couldn't go and get a box like that in the daytime and take it anywhere, for the whole country would be out looking for the man who had it. Maybe a month. That would be better. It would all blow over by that time. Let's see, how would it? Ten thousand was a good deal. Those stage-stoppers were always striking the box on the wrong day. They never got so much as that at one hank. In two months, then, perhaps two months. But it would have to be well hidden.

And the thought stuck to him, despite all attempts to keep it off, though by the time he had driven the mustangs into Red Canyon, his indignation at having been suspected by the company had died down. The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for him. It meant smart gowns for the wife. It meant a good schooling for the children. Those little ones had had a hard "rustle" of it to get what few scraps of learning they had thus far managed to clutch; and, as for clothes, they were dressed like juvenile scarecrows. Yes, all the hard scratching would be over if he dared to do what many another hard-pushed man had done. Resolving the whole matter down to a plain, clear-cut proposition, it was, after all, simply a question of "nerve."

Here was the place to do it. Right here, where the high, scraggy rocks, with the patches of sage-brush atop, came so near to the buckboard. It could be thrown over there—anywhere—into the sage-brush. It would be as well concealed as though buried in six feet of earth. The buckboard had reached the top of a long down grade. Zach put on the brake and twisted the reins about the brake-handle. As if about to take a plunge into ice-cold water, he reached down for the box. But with a bit of his big sombrero and hung it on a projecting rock. Then flashing out his six-shooter, he sent a bullet through the brim of the hat, which he then replaced on his head. Though it had been hot enough when he started out from Timble Spring, there seemed to be a chill in the air just now. Would they believe the story that he would have to concoct, even though he showed them the hole in the hat-brim? What would he care whether they did or not? They already suspected him. If he had the name, he might as well have the game. He looked at a spot where the sage-brush clustered thickest, and made a mental throw or two in a tentative way, in order to "get the distance."

Then he laid two nervous hands on the box. He gave a little tug. Lord, how heavy it was! Could it be tossed over there, after all? It might have to be carried. He lifted it upon the seat. "Via Timble Spring Stage Line. What was the sense in putting on such a direction as that? It was the only way it could go. The only way. And that way was not closed, for he was about to—

"God, hain't they trust you—you, Zach Springer. Kain't they trust Old Zach? he burst out hoarsely. "Yes, but why don't they do as any other decent minin' comp'ny does—turn their stuff into the bank at 'Frisco, arter it's minted? What in hell do they want on it up thar?"

Well, after all, that was their business. But he couldn't be trusted. What would Bill say? Bill was an honest man. He would blush with shame every time his brother's name was mentioned of-er thav-or, of course, he would know. Sue would never suspect. Any kind of a story would bamboozle her. Bill was smart. He could put two and two together as quickly as any man in the country. And yet Bill himself was a little reckless sometimes. He had been acting very queer of late and had gone over to Johnson's a good deal, drinking and playing cards with the boys. That would not do. Bill must be looked after. He was now—a year or two, maybe—a boy, and he had been trying to raise a mustache lately. Yes, Bill was a good deal younger than he. Why, he remembered well the day he was born, when they took him in to show him his new baby brother. He used to carry Bill all around, and he was the first one to stand him on his legs and try to make him walk. He remembered how it used to hurt his own head when Bill got a knock by falling out of his high-chair. Bill was just as much to him now as ever, and those knocks which fate and the weaknesses of his nature were giving him now hurt him just as badly—worse, perhaps, than they did brother Bill.

What would Bill say?

He laid his hands upon the box again. It would be safe enough behind the rocks there under the sage brush—as safe as if—

"Git up thar, damn ye! Git, Buckskin! Git, old (Greasy nor sticky and is nicely perfumed, it is most agreeable to use, and I can recommend it to all interested in the preservation and improvement of the complexion." Git, old (Greasy nor sticky and is nicely perfumed, it is most agreeable to use, and I can recommend it to all interested in the preservation and improvement of the complexion." And down came the long lash upon the dust-covered backs of the mustangs, and off down the long grade they ran, making the dust fly in the canyon as it never the fore. For Zach had grasped the reins in a grip of iron, and both his big cowhide boots were planted firmly on the box.

"This 'ere is what I call goin' helly-ty split!" he said ten minutes later as they were still flying down the grade. "I don't look some time with a blamed fool notion that I orter a been licked for ever thinkin' on a minit. Wal, the mustangs got a good rest. Makin' up for it now, though. They'll soon be in a lather. I'll get to the half way house in a quarter of an hour, and then I'll take a good horn. I feel kinder nervous yit. Thar 're bout a durned heap load on a man's mind. I's pose the sup'rintendent up to Gold Butte is worryin' about it, too. Never mind, ol' feller, you'll see that stuff stowed away in yer safe afore sunsetin."

"What's this? A hold up, sure as shootin!"

Out from behind a tall rock, a man, with a piece of dark calico over his face and a long Winchester in his hand, had suddenly sprung, and the muzzle of the rifle looked right into Zach's big, round eyes. The brake scraped the wheels and made the mustangs jump, as they came to a sudden stand. There was no getting by that Winchester.

"I reckon you've got ther drop on me, stranger," the driver coolly made remark. "Stick up my hands? In course I will, ef you insist on it; but I tell yer these 'ere mustangs is mighty skittish, and it's on ther down grade. So yer needn't shoot ef they start up, for it'll be yer own fault. I's pose yer arter this ere box. Throw it out! It's too blamed heavy for that. Ye'll hev to give us a lift."

The man with the gun had said nothing; but the subtleties of the holding up process were not so fine but that Zach understood every wave of the stranger's hand and every shrug of his shoulders, when the gesture and shrugs meant anything. Zach hat been held up before. He of the calico mask did not step forward at once. In this suggestion that he should assist in taking the box, he seemed to suspect some trick. But one of Zach's hands was held aloft and the other, with the four reins in it, was on the level of his shoulder. The man edged up to the buckboard, exchanging the weapon which he presented at Zach's head for a six-shot revolver.

"Thanks, stranger," said Zach with forced merriment. "I never like to hev one o' them 'ere long-barreled things p'inted at me. They shoot too durn straight. Now, hot yer arr."

With his foot he shoved the box along until it was near the edge of the wagon.

"That it is, help yourself; but ye'll find it a blamed heavy load ter tuck, of yer goin' far—over forty pound."

The robber's fingers grasped the box nervously.

"A green un at the biz," thought Zach; "mebbe thar'll be an openin' here yit."

The robber pulled and hauled at the box, but it would not budge, for it was caught on a nail-head in the bottom of the wagon. In his feverish anxiety to secure the gold, he lowered the revolver a little and grasped the box with both hands. Swiftly Zach's right hand fell to his hip and out he whipped his bright-barreled pistol.

"Got the dead drop, stranger! It's no go!" he shouted. "Put that weapin daown, you fool!"—for the man was raising his pistol. "You won't! Then take that."

A flash, a report, and back fell the robber within a moon. His fingers clawed the dust for a moment, as if he were grasping for a hold on life. But the hold was not to be had, and he gave it up, and lay there quietly in the dust.

The driver shoved his pistol into its holster, and wiped the sweat from his brow. It had been a close shave for the box and a closer shave for him.

"Takes a purty keen un ter git erway with thar" Zach, arter all," he chuckled, springing lightly from the buckboard, while a broad smile lit up his brown face. "This 'ere means a big raise from ther stage comp'ny an' a hundred er two from the Gold Butte folks. I guess they'll think the ol' man's 'bout right arter this. Hooray fur Hooray! my stock's riz! It's 'way up ter a hundred an' fifty. Whoop e e! Haw-haw-haw!"

He stooped down over the box and and lifted the bit of cloth from his face.

"Almighty God! It's Bill!"—*The Argonaut.*

The Snow-Shoe Girl.

And what maiden is there in our strong young country who considers her feet too fragile to be encased in three pairs of woolen stockings, then bound about with a pair of gay moccasins and strapped to the network of a big, unwieldy snowshoe! And what is there in the first steps she takes that transforms those huge duck-footed looking shoes into a pair of wings that skim over field and fence and drift, with the ease of Hiawatha's magic moccasins and the delicious vigor that Canada's daughters alone possess.

Few girls look prettier in evening dress than in a blanket suit (the most sensible thing ever devised for weathering a northern climate. The short light skirt and loose double-breasted coat, each bordered with the brilliant stripes and buttonhole stitched edges, look very little like the homely coverings for which they were originally manufactured. And, some way or other, the face that laughs out at you from its cozy hood seems more fitted to shield it from astray from the confines of the brilliant toque has a certain gypsy likeness, a touch of sauciness which keeps her own counsel as she flies in a ballroom. And oh, what an irresistible bit of color she is, from the tassel on her toque to the gaily-embroidered toe of her moccasin. True, the latter may not be quite as Cinderella-like as the French-heeled slipper that her little foot will fill at the Governor's ball to-morrow night, but it is close and pliable and warm, and *la Canadienne* loves her buckskin shoon, heel-less and flat as it may be.

Given a moonlight night, an atmosphere when the mercury drops to zero, or as much below as it can, a five mile stretch of drifted snow, an escort stalwart and brave, whose hand is strong, whose arm is muscular, whose foot is fleet and tireless, and little Lady Canada is content. She will snap her fingers at Fate, laugh in the face of Fortune and tramp for hours by the side of the big jovial lad, racing him down hill, having her small mittened fingers smothered in his brawny paw as he assists her up that long, long slope and over that high and marvelously frequent fence. Then comes the little stretch of forest, land where the black cedars shut out the moonlight and the way is very uncertain. They halt. He raises his face, lays his hand, cup-shaped, across his lips and gives a weird, long call. Through the shadows and cedars floats a reply from their companions who have tramped far forward. He responds, they double it, and after a little argument, in which she asserts that she "can see as plainly as it it were day, and that she can get along famously by herself, thank you," he takes her hand authoritatively and trudges along, winding in and out among the trees, and making the way far more difficult than need be.—*E. Pauline Johnson in Outing.*

Climatic Note.

Mr. A.—How are you getting along with Miss Jenkins?

Mr. B.—I'm not making much progress. She treats me very coolly.

"Well, I suppose you don't like that?"

"No, I can't say that I do; but as this is a phenomenally mild winter, I don't suffer as much as I otherwise would."

Breaking It Gently.

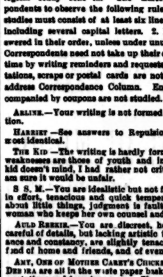
d'Aubar—Just from the Academy, eh? Is my picture hung?

Friend—Yes; and a man named Bilkins, who examined it, said it was a fine piece of work.

d'Aubar (delighted)—Who is this Mr. Bilkins?

Friend—One of the giants at the museum.

Turning the Tables.



Actor (as porter sets his trunk down.)—Good! Good! Best I've ever seen. Take it down and carry it up again.

Porter (in amazement.)—Carry thot trunk down an' oop agin', jist ter pl'ase you? Yer crazy.

Actor (in apparent surprise.)—Don't be offended, my friend. I was pleased with the way you did your work, and I was only giving you an encore.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or poetry cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ARLINE.—Your writing is not formed enough for delineation.

HARRIET.—See answers to Regulation—the writing is almost identical.

THE KID.—The writing is hardly formed, I think, and its weaknesses are those of youth and inexperience. If the kid doesn's mind, I had rather not criticise the study, as I am sure it would be unfair.

S. S. M.—You are idealistic but not faultably so, constant in effort, tenacious and quick tempered, a little careless about little things, judgment is faulty, vitality strong, a woman who keeps her own counsel and is wise.

AULD REEKIE.—You are discreet, honest, and truthful, careful of details, but lacking artistic taste, have perseverance and constancy, are slightly tenacious of your rights, fond of home and friends, and of even and gentle temper.

ANT, ONE OF MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS, PEIR, TERRY AND DEE MA are all in the wide paper basket because they sent quotations and forgot coupons. Please take the trouble to read graphological Editor's Rules and save time, postage and stationery.

PRODIGITY.—Are you still waiting ever so patiently, my pretty friend? Your writing, which is a trifle cramped, shows care, honesty, amiability, generosity and hope. You have undeveloped taste for beauty, good and discreet judgment, gaulessness and some wit and love of fun. Pegotty, how do you spell "writing?" Please look it up!

ADELAINE.—Some refinement, taste and culture, rather a fondness for society, stuffed-out self reliance and conscientious care, wish for perfection, love of approbation, some imagination, an even and rather dull temperament, more apt to be influenced by cloudy than bright moods, excellent energy and perseverance, with justice and kindness very well shown. A very beautiful and graceful study.

CAUTE CASSIUS.—An exuberant fancy, love of planning, carelessness in small matters, ambition and persistence are all shown. Writer is fond of society, rather self-conscious, probably a great talker, and will be wiser in the course of the next decade. Energy and impulse, fun and fancy are all shown in this study, which, my Noble Roman I have made from your note, not from the enclosure. The latter is far too studied already!

BLUE.—Here is a stirring and energetic lady of some originality and adaptability. She is full of vitality, is affection, more outspoken than diplomatic, rather quick-tempered, but not revengeful, forgiving and forgetting in great readiness. She likes her own way, is rather prone to look on the dark rather than the bright side, has, however, a certain original mind and can be wilful and even obstinate and lamentably wanting in tact, still is sincere and loyal.

BRUNDAR.—Great determination and energy, self assertion, persistence, considerable amount of power and prejudice, rare, a little inconstancy in matters of the affections, a lack of cultured taste and perfect finish, some generosity but little sympathy, lack of tact and rather a fancy for impractical ventures. No need to tell me that you are a woman, art has no bearing on the study of handwriting. Among my studies I find men with women's hearts and women with man's hands.

GULL.—1. Wordsworth and Southey. 2. Not unless he is weak or in some way dependent on help. Most men dislike being so waited on. 3. I should say you would cordially manage anything entrusted to your care. 4. Your writing shows priority, practical notions, decided ability but slightly faulty judgment. You are not visionary very ambitious nor yet capable of very great enterprise, but you are very reliable, determined, a little prejudiced, careful and of rather strong temper. The word in your postscript is coo-pon, not ku-pon.

SCOTS HAZEL.—Indeed, I don't blame you a particle, my lass! Go where you are best appreciated. Your writing shows ambition, wit, adaptability, discretion, rather good tact and perceptive. You are fond of novelty, impatient of delay, rather apt and appreciative in matters of taste and like the social center of the world. You can be trusted to do the best that is in you and are careful of small things. The lack of snap in you is compensated for by the ease and sweetness of your disposition, and your sometimes deliberate actions are the result of correct and wise judgment. In your affections you are reasonable and constant.

BETTY HOBBS.—Your two letters are before me. The first is dated November 30th, not October, and is taken in its turn, so have not missed your answer. I am sorry to have taxed your patience so long, over three months, but really it is too bad. Your writing shows great strength of will and some temper, reserved in speech and not apt to give your opinion unless rather independent and originality thought and action, not chary of any kindness, constant and careful in effort, strong in affections, rather a pessimist, fond of old customs and conservative in taste, with at times a certain frank honesty, but are wanting in tact and fineness of perception. All your ideals are high and noble. So as that you attain unto them, Lady Betty!

NIAGARA.—You ask a question which I cannot answer as I don't know exactly what you mean. A flirt may be only a woman who delights in power and loves to see men controlled, or she may be a pretty empty-headed idiot whose vanity is tickled by a number of admirers, or she may be a bad and reckless woman, who loves to wreck the lives of men and jest at honest affection. Which would you sooner be? I think your second question rather *mal-a-propos* after that. I'm sure the girl who is silly enough to inquire if she is a flirt would make a very poor sister of charity. Your writing is very distinct, but rather unformed. I don't think you are very high-minded, but its good points are perseverance, some carefulness and rather an agreeable temper.

SIGMA.—A very conscientious character, capable of fine development under favorable circumstances, but running wild at present, impatient, indifferent, and full of dreams and fancies, and wrong estimates of people and things; the writer is rather clever and original of constant effort and thought and rather prejudiced, hasty and erratic, still would be capable of warm friendship and loyalty. The study has made me tired by its very want of self-control and lack of self-reliance. I do not mean that you are called The Skeleton in Armour, or The Saga of King Olaf. I think that Longfellow was inspired by the people whose life is ideals, but there are Norse sagas and Norse legends in and about Newport to any extent, and some of the other poems are quite as cheerily in them.

BOB.—If push and ambition will land you at the top, my friend, you will surely get there. Your writing is like a toboggan slide. "All get there!" In detail it is careful, eager, earnest and with excellent memory and tact. You are sometimes in too much of a hurry to catch all the good that is on your way, but your eye is steadily ahead and you are apt to exalt the and above the means. You are kind and not very generous, and though your ideas are clear and concise, they don't take in very wide tracts of mental territory. Your tastes are refined and your judgment excellent. You are not dependent on others for sympathy nor too fond of society, but you can hold your own in it and with credit. A good amount of natural ability and the power of a little concentration, with an individual to be respected. Now, that's not so bad, Bob, is it?

A TIGHT GRIP

The popularity of TOOKE BROS.' "IRON FRAME LINEN" Shirts, Collars and Cuffs has a TIGHT GRIP on the public. For sale by the leading Wholesale and Retail dealers in the Dominion.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

is she who pays the most assiduous attention to the care of the skin.

Indeed she goes to great lengths in the study of this subject. She never rubs her face in drying it. She never exposes it to the cold without protection. She uses only such preparations as are of standard purity and excellence.

One of the most important preparations of this class is *Alaska Cream*, which, as a skin dressing, has no equal. She writes of Alaska Cream: "As a protection to the complexion against the roughening and hardening effect of cold winds your Alaska Cream is simply superb, and as a cosmetic it keeps the complexion clear, soft and white. As it is neither

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The Englishman in America.

THE majority of young Britons who lay siege to this country for a living are not the swellest class. They come of the middle plane of the social system, being above the *bourgeois* class and below the patrician. They are not the languid heroes that Ouida and Rhoda Broughton describe. They are not the refrigerating and studious college men that Mrs. Ward shows us, with their attic brows and their soulful aspirations. They are not even the nice little curates that Trollope has made familiar to us—quiet, gentle, lady-like young things; or the bluff, simple, good hearted, idiotically stupid lordlings of contemporaneous English fiction.

No; most of them belong to the business class, are the sons of business men, and are as different from the Englishman of a Western maiden's dream as the average Westerner is from the picture of him cherished in the bosom of a British miss. The father or god-father—the god-father across the pond is a genuine person, who actually discharges his duties toward his god-child—finds him a good berth somewhere in the country, and forthwith ships the wanderer for the land of the free. He arrives, very verdant, generally only a year or two beyond twenty, having undeniably pleasant, boyish manners and being, as a rule, a good-looking, jolly fellow, and rosy as the youthful David.

As soon as he is settled, he extracts from his "box" several letters of introduction and sallies forth to present them. This is where he makes his first good impression. He is, as a rule, a somewhat heavy lad, not particularly bright in conversation or possessed of extensive tact; but he has the most frank and open manner, the honestest desire to please and be pleased, the most candid wish to be friendly, but not overbold, that a young man could have. He has no bold, bad airs as yet. He is a boy—a fresh, simple, agreeable English boy—ready to enjoy any sport going, full of life, quite well mannered, and not so stupid, on close acquaintance, as one would suppose.

This is his first stage, and the one in which he makes most of his friends. In this crude state, some friendly girl, in one of the families to whose house he has the *entree*, teaches him to dance "in the American way." She assures him that, while English dancing may be very graceful, our American heads can not stand its eternal gyrating in one direction. He must learn to dance in our way, if he intends to go out at all. She looks upon him as an artless boy, though in reality there may be a year or two more to his age than there is to hers. So he takes the lessons, and is very grateful; and, in the course of two or three months, masters the waltz and polka. He will never make a good dancer; it is not in him or his race. Perhaps this is not to his discredit, as men who are good dancers invariably carry their brains in their heels.

And now he begins to go out, and, being in a new country, a comparative stranger, on his trial to be taken in a friendly way to the American bosom or banished therefrom as a hopeless pariah, he tries his best to make a good impression. It is said by many itinerant Britons that the young Englishman on his native heath is neither polite, chivalrous, nor considerate of others; that he is sometimes a boor and, at others, a clod. Those who thus malign their youthful countrymen should see these same lads in their first winter in society. They are the pink of politeness and kindly to a degree. They dance duty dances like lambs. They sit and talk to chaperones and take mammas to supper like the best young men who ever lived but to make others happy. They make a favorable impression on their acquaintances. Unselfish, obliging young men—even though they be rosy-faced Britons, who, when they dance, are prone to lapse back into the ancestral method of waltzing like a humming-top—are not found on every tree.

After this first winter, the time arrives when the stranger's true metal shows itself. Older men do not, as a rule, patronize dancing-parties. Persistent haunters of ball-rooms and waxed floors have to rely for their partners mainly on boys. Two thirds of the male dancers in a Gotham ball room are under twenty-four, and of these, the ones of twenty are generally the most dexterous terpsichoreans. Years of discretion and nimbleness in the evolutions of the waltz or the yorke do not usually go together. Hence the importance of boys in American society. They must be bad, else the ball is a failure, and the woman does not live who enjoys being a wall-flower.

The young Briton—a lad, and treated as such in his native land—suddenly finds himself much sought after. He gets invitations by the score. When he goes out, he may approach the most charming of girls and boldly claim a dance. If he is at all skilful in this graceful art, she will probably give him one—American girls love to dance with an intense love. A party to them is not a place of rendezvous or of conversation. It is emphatically a place set apart for dancing, and they go there for the purpose of dancing. Therefore, they select their partners, not as men, but as dancers. A boy of eighteen, whose head is as empty as a dried nut and whose ugliness would stop a clock, can dance half a dozen times with the greatest belle present, while a man who is the rising genius of the age, but whose feet are as clumsy as Clarence McFadden's, could not secure a third of a polka with the same lady.

The English youth does not stop to reason all this out. He only knows that people seem to want him at their parties; that he gets more invitations for a month in America than he would get for a season at home. And then comes the critical period of his American career. If what he fondly imagines are his social successes do not turn his head, if he still remains the same pleasant, frank, agreeable, unaffected fellow that he was in the beginning, then his position is secured. The world in which fate has placed him holds out a friendly hand to him and greets him as a comrade. He has borne the test and not succumbed. He has shown himself a jolly good fellow and not an egregious ass.

But when he bears his blushing honors proudly, when he assumes the air of a juvenile Count D'Orsay, then the wrath of his fellow-men falls heavily upon him. There is no more absurd spectacle than that of one of these young lads, who, supposing themselves the social lions of the day, take upon themselves the languid and lofty manners of a spoiled child of fashion. Two years suffice to bring about the change. The fresh-cheeked, frank, honest-eyed youth of twenty, who two years ago was as open-hearted and simple as a child, is to-day one of the most complete pictures of the type of tool into which society may transform a man. With the down still soft upon his lip, this importation adopts the indifferent manner and bored air of a middle aged cynic. Where his first mode of address was modestly unpretending, he now approaches a girl with a manner of off-hand nonchalance that is his substitute for the *blase* weariness of a man of the world.

When it is seen that he is hopelessly lost to sense and good taste, then those who were ready to be his friends and advisers grow warm in their denunciations of him. He is unmercifully bantered and made fun of. He is the butt of the ball room where he swaggers up to each flushed and smiling belle with a rough "take a turn," and, adjusting his eyeglass, stands in front of her with his legs wide apart, staring at her as he thinks a man of fashion would do. That the lady coldly pronounces herself engaged for every dance, and that her present partner shoulders him aside in somewhat cavalier style does not seem to abash him in the least. Self-confidence has passed into self-satisfaction, and this burly young Briton has no idea that the people who were so kindly disposed toward him in the beginning are now inclined to regard him as a bore—and an ill-bred bore at that.

If he does learn this—and he ought to, for he receives very rough handling from right and left—he may yet pull himself together and go back to the frank, friendly, kindly style, the manly, unaffected manner, that makes some Englishmen so extremely attractive. Once he shows his desire to repair the error of his ways, all the world, that so recently turned a cold shoulder on him, will forgive the past. Should he, however, continue to grow daily more of a fool, the time soon arrives when he finds himself almost completely ostracized. The only people who now send him invitations are his original friends, or some of his English acquaintances. Society, that first seemed so anxious for his presence, now leaves him severely alone. He says this is because of the hatred the Americans have of the English—national hatred and jealousy. It never seems to crop his mind that he has changed in the last three years; that the cherry, obliging, kind-hearted boy has been transformed into a self-centered, vain, and ill-mannered man. When he eventually goes back to England, he is full of stories of the "beastly provincialism" of the Americans, of their rudeness to foreigners, of the falsity of the tales of their vaunted hospitality, of their clannishness, of their attitude of offensive indifference toward all outsiders.

Put Me Off at Syracuse.

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard, for I've been dining to-night and will probably feel rocky. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off at Syracuse."

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian, ramming the bright coin into his trousers pocket. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin-giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester! Thirty minutes for refreshments!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where is that black coon?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the object of his wrath and found him in the porter's closet, buckled up with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Been in an accident? Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" ejaculated the porter, jumping to his feet, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gen'man what guf ter me a five-dollah gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well den, befoah de Lawd, who was de gen'man I put off at Syracuse?"

The Art of Matrimony.

"Do you expect your marriage to be a happy one, dear?

"Oh yes; I guess so. But if it isn't, Jack has promised either a divorce or suicide, so you see I'm really not running much risk."

Daylight Ahead.

Bingo—Wasn't the servant girl unusually pleasant this morning?

Mrs. Bingo—Yes. Her beau called last night.

Bingo—See if you can't get him to come here and live.

A Wish Realized.

Poet—I do wish something that rhymes with "boat" would strike me.

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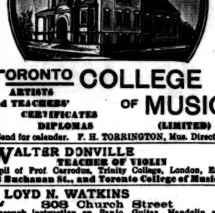

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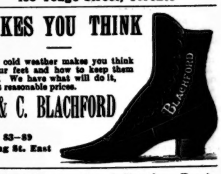

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

as I heard an unbeliever call them, are bound to benefit and improve all the ladies who hear them. With two such apostles as Mrs. Jenness-Miller and Miss Giddings, it would need a much more obtuse public than Toronto can produce to refuse assent to and co-operation in their ideas.

•

Mrs. F. W. Coulson, Macdonald avenue, gave a small people's party on Wednesday last to celebrate Master Coulson's first anniversary. Several lovely little ones were in attendance, noticeably, little Miss Beatrice Wellington of Gerrard street.

•

An event which will interest the *elite* of society is announced for February 25. It will take the form of a bachelors' ball, and with grateful memory of former delightful parties given under the same management, I look forward to a very *chic* affair indeed. The names of the committee insure a successful evening.

•

The third and last assembly of the Royal Grenadiers will be held at Webb's on Monday, 29th instant. As this will be the last dance of the series the committee will do all in their power to make it a success.

•

A most enjoyable fancy dress skating party was given last Saturday evening for the boys of Trinity College school by the ladies of Port Hope. About fifty young people in various costumes skated to the music provided by the band of the 46th Batt. The costumes were both varied and attractive. Among them were: Mrs. Montizambert, A Lady of last Century; Miss Mollie Corbett, Nerissa; Miss Ida Spooner, Portia; Miss Irene Smith, Gipsy Queen; Miss Souden, Bo Peep; Miss M. Souden, Swiss Peasant; Miss Edith Paterson, Summer; Miss Lottie Martin, Milk Maid; Miss M. Williams, Tambourine Girl; Miss Amy Paterson, Italian Peasant; Miss Aggie Burnham, Maid of Perth; Miss Holden, Sweet Girl Graduate; Miss Calcutt, Sweet Girl Graduate; Miss Jennie Passmore, Red Cross Nurse; Miss Paterson, Red Cross Nurse; Miss K. Ashe, Topsy; Miss Mabel Wellington, Kate Greenaway; Miss Adell Burnham, Highland Lassie; Miss L. Paterson, Fortune Teller; Miss Hamilton, Vivandiere, and Messrs. G. L. Francis, Herb. Syer, J. Stairs, Three Jolly Clowns; H. C. Osborne, M. Lottridge, Jacktars; Gordon Osler, T. H. Jones, Colored Gents; C. S. Wilkie, Cowboy; E. Loscombe, Maggie Murphy; J. Keyes, Student; W. Stairs, Black Domino; T. Allan, M. A.; O. L. Bickford, Harlequin; H. C. Bickford, Cakes; N. Rogers, Military Officer; H. Morris, Paddy from Cork; J. Haydon, Henry VIII; J. Seagram, Jockey; A. McLaren, Soldier; C. Baldwin, Student; S. Paterson, Yatchman; R. Smart, 10th Hussars; T. Chisholm, Soldier.

•

Mrs. G. W. Allan of Moss Park gave a large tea last Monday. The old homestead was filled with an assembly of Toronto's nice people to the number of about one hundred.

•

Those who have received the kind hospitality of Government House, and admire and esteem its fair young hostess, will be glad to hear that Sir Alexander Campbell's health is much improved, and that he has been able to take short drives on several occasions.

•

Mrs. Evelyn Denison of Georgetown, who has been visiting Mrs. Farrar of Grenville street, has returned home. I am glad to hear that her sister, Miss Hornibrook, has recovered from a second illness.

•

A number of well known faces were wreathed in smiles at the Grand the first part of this week as they watched the various complications of that amusing comedy, Jane. On Wednesday evening the boxes were occupied by the president and officers of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society and Mr. and Mrs. Manning and party.

•

A large crowd assembled at M. Coutellier's lecture last Tuesday evening, to hear about French newspapers and newspaper men. The lecture room was quite inadequate to contain the numbers who attended, many having to be turned away. The growing success of M. Coutellier's lectures is a fitting acknowledgment of the lecturer's ability and thorough acquaintance with his subjects.

•

Mrs. Dickson of Upper Canada College gives a reception to the Wednesday Musical Club this afternoon.

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The fourth At Home of the Maritana Club was held at Webb's parlors on Friday evening, February 5, and like its predecessors, proved to be a most enjoyable affair. Marcicano's orchestra furnished the music, and the catering by Webb was in his usual first class style. The following are the names of a few of those present: Mr. Harry Armstrong, Miss Arnold, Miss Hattie Anderson, Mr. J. A. Burns, Mr. J. H. Bissell, Miss Burkholder, Miss Bain, Mr. W. A. Blasnford, Miss Florence Doyle, Mr. C. H. Riches, Mr. W. Kingdom, Mr. W. White, Mr. A. McCullough, Miss Ryder, Miss Noxon, Mr. W. G. Quigley, Miss Wasson, Mr. W. White, Miss Geare, Miss Washington, Mr. J. J. Bucke of Hamilton, Miss M. Carroll, Miss A. Carroll, Mr. D. Glass, Mr. B. Hughes, Mr. J. J. McKittrick, Miss Hooden, Mr. A. S. Wiley, Miss Kemp, Dr. Crawford, Miss Cain, Mr. W. L. McFarland, Miss Robertson, Mr. T. and Miss Huestin, Mr. J. A. Macdougall, Miss Hunter, Miss McKean, Mr. G. P. Sharkey, Mr. and Mrs. John Laxton, Miss Laxton, Mr. F. H. Skerrett of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. M. Clissold, Mr. S. R. Johnston, Mr. A. Burroughes, Mr. Hugh White, Mr. W. Steele, Mr. C. Kennedy, Mr. H. E. Simpson, Mr. J. C. Frazer, Miss Kilfedder, Mr. M. J. Dubois, Miss Carlisle, Mr. W. G. Bee, Miss Jameson, Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Smith, Mr. C. Simmons, Mr. Harry Briggs, Miss Lockhart (Brighton), Mr. E. B. Hostetter, Miss Kleiser, Mr. Frank E. Martin, Miss Collier, Mr. J. Peacock, Miss Glover, Mr. J. E. Firth, Miss Smyth, Mr. W. Hunter (Hamilton), Mr. T. Harvey (Hamilton), Mr. Magaun, Miss Magaun, Mr. T. Lucas, Mr. W. McKendry, Mr. Garrod, Mr. W. McCue, Mr. W. Raymone, Miss Butterfield, Mr. C. Beswick, Miss Rolls, Mr. W. Roberts, Miss Scott, Mr. J. Rosar, Miss Hislop, Mr. J. Dancy, Miss McPherson, Mr. H. Westman, Miss Burrowes, Mr. J. Bray, Miss McKinnon, Miss Stewart, Miss C. Hynds, Miss Dee.

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Messrs. R. J. Leckie and C. W. Shaw, two of the oldest members of the Tammany Club, who are leaving in a few days to enter into partnership business in Vancouver, B. C., were dined by their fellow members and friends at Henri Morgan's Cafe on Friday, the 5th inst. After the excellent *menu* provided by the genial host had been discussed the evening was passed pleasantly with speeches, toasts and music. An excellent programme was rendered as follows, Mr. H. A. Sherrard in the chair: Songs by Messrs. A. Dent, Jos. A. Gimson, J. Litster, J. Hay; piano and whistling solos, Messrs. E. G. Hachborne and W. Lawson. The toast list was responded to as follows: The Queen, general company; Our Country, by Inspector Hall; Guests, Messrs. C. W. Shaw and R. J. Leckie; Sister Clubs, by President R. Baker of the Toronto Canoe Club; The Ladies, Messrs. J. Bremner and W. Lawson. Among those present were: Messrs. A. D. Campbell, G. R. Baker, Percy Hoch, R. Blake, W. Blake, W. J. Lugsdin, P. Hill, J. Wallace, Geo. Faircloth, S. Hoch, Fred Falls, P. Hodgins, W. Gownlock, F. D. Ellis, A. Bell, I. W. Carroll, Inspector Hall.

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Cards are out for a dance to be given by Mrs. Esten Fletcher at her residence, Yorkville avenue, on Tuesday evening next.

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The Canoe Club dance which was given on Thursday at the Academy was a most delightful affair, of which I will give an account next week.

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The third annual At Home of the Ivanhoe Literary Club will be held at Prospect Hall on Friday, February 19.

Music.

The week has been a comparatively uneventful one, the large amateur interests which are now coming before the public, as well as the Paderewski concert, seeming to have driven all the smaller fry and visitors of moment out of the way. The effect produced upon the audiences who attended the Lacrosse Club minstrels' performances will be found excellently described by my fair collaborator, Lady Gay, and this is about all that comes up for notice this week. The performances of the Beggar Student by the Harmony Club are too late for notice in the present issue. Next week will bring us the concert given by the University Glee Club in l'eu of the old-time conversazione. These enterprising young gentlemen have secured the services of a young lady, Mary Howe, whose beauty, as well as her wonderful voice, has made her a welcome visitor wherever she has been heard and seen. A rare personal charm and a voice of rich fulness in the extreme upper register make her one of the most notable personages in the American concert world. Further variety in the programme is offered by the presence of Mr. William Lavin, Mary Howe's husband, a young tenor, whose very artistic performances have won him a foremost place among concert tenors, while W. Frederic Boscovitz will make his first appearance this season in a miscellaneous programme.

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Mr. Boscovitz gave a most enjoyable pianoforte recital on Thursday afternoon of last week at the Loretto Abbey, and on Friday evening at Mrs. Neville's, Rollestor House, in both cases attracting large audiences.

METRONOME.

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The amateur minstrel entertainment given at the Academy the latter half of last week by the Toronto Lacrosse Club and their friends attracted large and fashionable audiences. The burnt cork effectually disguised some of my friends from me, and only when they opened their mouths did I recognize them. The chorus was effectively grouped before a very pretty and rich-looking background, representing the companionway and interior of an ocean liner, and the *mise en scene* was effective and new enough to be a decided attraction. Mr. Collins as interlocutor made a majestic centerpiece. That ever welcome opening chorus, Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming, was charmingly sung and was by a good many preferred to any other of the evening's selections. Messrs. Kain and Boyd rendered their solos in good style and were efficiently supported by the minstrels under the conducting baton of the popular Herr Schuch. A characteristic negro melody, Dese Bones Shall Rise Again, with bones and tambourines very much *en evidence*, was a popular number, as also was the next selection Blow, Bugle Blow. The end men, Messrs. Rich and Ramsay, who made their *entree* as representatives of the Four Hundred, were excellent in get up and deportment and afterwards contributed several good specialties, the thieves' duet from Erminie, and a well done character sketch of a member of the upper ten and a crossing sweeper, which demanded considerable facial expression. The banjo and mandolin solos of Mr. Smedley and his clever darkey preacher personation were very good. Mr. Garth sang Drill Ye Tarriers, with success, and Mr. Douglas Bird charmed the audience with a pretty ballad, which had to be repeated. A song that awoke a sympathetic response in many a heart was Mr. Ramsay's Influenza. It was something to get one laugh out of la grippe. Mr. Tinning was unable to take his solo and his place was kindly supplied by Mr. Bird, while Mr. Harry Rich closed the first part of the programme with an absurd ditty, Oh, Susan Brown. A pretty tableau and some nice music was made by the University College Guitar and Banjo Club, and a clever bit of fencing shown by Messrs. Malchien, Cartwright, Brough and Currie. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist, played a pretty concert polka in his usual perfect manner. A ventriloquist performance was given by Mr. W. E. Burgess, and an earsplitting but very deft manipulation of drum sticks was shown by the Queen's Own Bugle and Drum Corps. Where the general performance was so good and creditable to the clever amateurs and their leader, it is hard to criticize, but oh, ye shades of Wood & Christy! what attitudes were revealed along that front row when the curtain rose! Instead of the trim and fetching squared elbows and hands on knees which should describe a perfect semicircle round the first line—the minstrels were crouched and spread and lolled in as many attitudes as there were darkies. I hope they won't be so careless next time, for where everything else was well done this little matter was more noticeable than it would have been in a less perfect programme.

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Merritt—How much did your last church pay you?

Rev. Dr. Primrose—Five hundred.

"I thought your salary was several times that!"

"So it was."—*Epoch.*

Slid Out.

"I want a surgeon at once," he said, as he hastily entered a hospital. "I've just shot three of my fingers off!"

"I'm sorry, my friend," replied the superintendent, "but you will have to grin and bear it for a while. The surgeons are all over to the toboggan slide."

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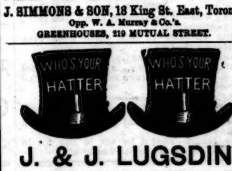

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Miss McGiverin of Jackson street gave a farewell tea to Miss Saunders of Guelph, who has been visiting here for the past three weeks. There were present Misses Hobson, Ramsay, Baker, Hall, McGiverin, Hendrie, Roe, Turner, Dunlop, Chapman, Dyment, Mills, Leggat, Watson, Ridley, Carr, Baker and others.

Miss K. Labatt of London was the guest of Mrs. Chapman of Argyle terrace last week. Mr. Dyment of Barrie has also been the guest of Mrs. Chapman but left for Barrie on Monday.

Mrs. George Mackelcan gave a charming tea on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Mackelcan was assisted by her two daughters in receiving her many guests, among whom were Misses Lottridge, Armour, Burns, Hendrie, Hamilton, David, Bull, Mackay, Dunlop, Barker, Gartshore, Ridley, Briggs, Gillard, Birkett, Grant, Roach, Martin and Logie.

Mr. Charles Jones of Boston is the guest of Mr. Roach of Barton street.

Miss K. Ridley is visiting friends in Toronto this week.

Mrs. P. Grant gave a delightful afternoon tea at her new and handsome residence on Friday afternoon. This tea was attended by the sterner sex who were welcomed by all the fair ones, as it seems rather difficult to entice the former to these functions. Those present were Misses Leggat, Lottridge, Armour, Briggs, Chapman, Mills, McKeand, Turner, Roach, Fuller, Gillard, Stiff, Birkett, Mackay, Findlay and Faulkner. Messrs. Gates, H. Gates, Patterson, Gillespie, Billett, Moreton, Armour, Ferrie, E. Ferrie, Bellhouse, Evans and others.

Miss Rogers of Cayuga is the guest of Miss Mills, Main street.

The most enjoyable euchre party given this season was the one on Friday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Young of Park street. At half-past eight the spacious rooms were well filled by the eager players, who numbered about sixty, making fifteen tables, which were arranged in two separate rooms. The prizes were presented after a superb supper and were Mrs. Young's own handiwork in china painting. They were won by Mrs. J. J. Stuart and the Misses Leggat and Watson, Messrs. Ewing, Ferrie, Alex. Murray and Burton. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Bankier, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. G. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Burton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs Lucas, Misses Watson, Chapman, Leggat, Hendrie, Ramsay, Danlop, Roe, Hobson, Harvey, Dyment, Messrs. Morston, Browne, Bruce, Beatty, Billett, Ferrie, E. Ferrie, Foster, Harvey, Murray, Osborne, Gates, Vernon, Gansby. After supper a jolly dance was enjoyed.

Miss Eva Watson left on Monday for Strathroy and will spend a few weeks there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ambrose of New York are visiting Mrs. Fred Gates of Bay street south.

Mrs. Burns of Hannah street received a number of friends at afternoon tea on Thursday.

Mrs. Lucas entertained a number of friends at dinner on Thursday evening.

Miss Hendrie left on Wednesday for a three weeks' visit in Toronto, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. D. Hay.

The minstrel performances drew large and fashionable audiences on Saturday afternoon and evening, also Monday evening. There were a great many theater parties and the boxes were filled on Saturday and Monday evenings by Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. J. T. Stuart and Mrs. Bankier. The performance was a delightful one from beginning to end, the musical part being especially good and the jokes were new and refreshing. The stage setting was truly magnificent, having a staircase in the center, with the chorus attired in Moorish costumes of variegated colors, and the novel posts at the bottom of the staircase had electric shaded lights which revolved during the performance. The whole effect was one of rare beauty and was a credit to the committee in charge. Flowers were thrown in profusion by the admirers of the burnt cork artists. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lottridge, Miss Lottridge, Miss A. R. Mour of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. Bankier, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. F. MacKelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Counsell, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Hendrie, Miss Macpherson of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. and the Misses Harvey, Miss McGiverin, Mrs. and the Misses Leggat, Miss Dewar, Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. Southamy, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. McLaren, the Misses Howard, the Misses Chapman and Dyment, and many others whose pretty faces and smart gowns added to a most effective scene.

Miss Saunders left for Guelph on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. A. W. Barnard of Woodstock spent last Sunday in town, the guest of Mrs. Baker of Herkimer street.

Miss Hay of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. Parker, Hamilton Asylum.

The Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Sullivan were the guests of Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton over Sunday. Mrs. Warren Burton gave a small dinner on Saturday evening in their honor. SYLVIA.

BRANTFORD.

Mrs. Arthur Hardy gave one of the most successful teas of the season recently at her residence, Hardynge Lodge. Among those present were Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. and the Misses Leonard, Mrs. Nelles, Mrs. Milliken of Boston, Mrs. Whitehead, Mrs. F. Cockshutt, Mrs. W. Wilkes, Mrs. Blackader, Mrs. W. Jones, Mrs. T. H. Jones, Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Hately, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Frank Bishop, Mrs. Woodyatt, Mrs. Bunnell, Mrs. H. Whitehead, Mrs. Temple Miss Curtis, the Misses Goold, Miss Mackenzie, Miss De Veber, Miss Jarvis, Miss Bishop, the Misses Crompton, Mrs. Perkin, Dr. Secord, Mr. A. J. Wilkes, Mr. E. Cockshutt, Mr. Fairclough, Mr. W. Killmaster, Mr. Nelles, Mr. Blackader, Mr. Fauquier and others.

On Tuesday evening last a leap year dance was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Perkin. It was one of the most enjoyable affairs that has taken place this season. The occasion was rather novel to the participants, the ladies having the ruling power over the fortunes of the gentlemen present. Some of the costumes were very pretty, being particularly *chic* and modish. Mrs. R. J. Smith wore white silk and box; Mrs. Harry Harris, pink silk; Miss Balmer, black lace and red roses; Miss R. Hossie looked lovely in blue and white silk; Miss Hewitt, black lace; Miss Sibbitt looked very pretty in dark blue velvet; Miss Fair wore a becoming costume of cream silk with silver trimming. The following gentlemen were present: Mr. Fairclough, Mr. Killmaster, Mr. Fauquier, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. George D. Watt, Mr. Duncan, Mr. C. P. Watt, Mr. Jno. Hewitt, Mr. R. J. Smith, Mr. Dawsie of Toronto, Mr. King and Mr. Rush of London.

Miss Hossie is visiting Mrs. J. Harry Herring, Main street, Hamilton.

Mrs. J. K. Osborne spent a few days in Toronto this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Pyke of the Bank of Commerce have moved to Montreal.

Mrs. Herbert Yates is seriously ill with influenza.

Miss Atkinson of Chatham is visiting Mrs. Van Allan.

Miss Lottie Foster, who is attending Moulton College, Toronto, is home for a few days.

Mrs. Hale entertained the Whist Club on Friday evening of last week. A most enjoyable evening was spent. The rooms were beautifully decorated with roses and palms.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Digby gave a charming party.

Rumor reports another engagement on Brant avenue. SAILOR.

A rapid-growing, berry-bearing vine of great beauty. It is of vigorous growth and ENTIRELY HARDY. It begins to bloom in the late spring and continues blooming until frost. Following the flowers, the berries begin to form and increase in numbers until THE WHOLE VINE IS ONE MASS OF BRILLIANT SCARLET FRUIT, oblong in shape and about as large as a cherry; they remain perfect as late as February so that from August until late into the winter, it will be a mass of brilliant color. The CHINESE MATRIMONY VINE grows and thrives in any situation either shade or sunlight, and will take root in any soil, in fact nature has given it all the essentials for wide popularity.

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Academy of Music.

Two new and attractive plays to Toronto audiences will be produced at the Academy of Music next week. R. D. MacLean and Marie Prescott appearing in the title roles, Spartacus or The Gladiator and Cleopatra, the latter being the story of H. Rider Haggard. Spartacus has never been seen in Toronto and a more thrilling tragedy it would be hard indeed to find. MacLean and Prescott are at the top of the profession, and a great treat is promised. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Box office now open at regular prices.

Of Spartacus the Boston *Globe* says: Mr. MacLean's conception of the character of the noble barbarian appears to be a just one. His rendition was satisfying; while in the exacting situations presented in the fourth and fifth acts it is only scant praise to say that he rises fully to a level with their requirements. He is seen and heard to excellent advantage too in the quieter passages.

There was true poetry, both in his voice and his mein, as he delivered the words: "Where peace was tinkling on the shepherd bells and singing with the reapers."

In a word he brought out all the noble qualities of courage and magnanimity in stirling, thorough unpolished, manhood.

Grand Opera House.

Miss Florence Washington has been induced to give a special afternoon recital at the Grand Opera House on Friday, February 19. Miss Washington has appeared in many of the principal cities in the United States, and the press and public have been unanimous in their praise, and her appearance in Toronto will create more than a passing interest. It is a very difficult matter for anyone, no matter how talented to amuse an audience for two or two and a half homes, but Miss Washington seems to have been able fully to do so. If the judgment of the best critics are to be at all relied on she is certainly an artist of very marked ability.

Suspicious.

Young wife—Why, George, aren't you going to eat your pudding?

Young husband—Is this made from Mrs. Tombstone's recipe?

Young wife—Yes, dear George.

Young husband—Then, my dear, I cannot touch it. Mrs. Tombstone has already buried four husbands.

A Frightful Possibility.

Housekeeper—Why don't you go to work and earn money?

Dirty Tramp—They'd be apt to pay me in bank bills, an' I'm afeard of bacteria.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HAGGART—Feb. 7, Mrs. D. Haggart—a daughter (still born).
FOSTER—Feb. 5, Mrs Wm. Foster—a daughter.
PIRIE—Feb. 1, Mrs. A. F. Pirie—a daughter.
THOMPSON—Jan. 22, Mrs. A. R. Thompson—a daughter.
IVES—Feb 3, Mrs. E. H Ives—a daughter.
BODDY—Feb 7, Mrs. Walter Boddy—a son.
STRINGER—Feb. 3, Mrs. C. W. Stringer—a son.

Marriages.

LOCK—WIMAN—Feb. 8, E. A. Lock to Mabel Wiman.
EVANS—GALE—Charles Evans to Myrtle Gale.

Deaths.

THOMPSON—At Newtonville, February 6, 1892, James E. Thompson, aged 34 years.
RUTTAN—Feb. 6, Bertha Eva Ruttan.
COLLINS—Feb. 7, Amelia Jane Collins, aged 19.
FRENCH—Feb. 7, Jessie McLean French, aged 56.
GILLESPIE—Feb. 5, Malcolm Gillespie, aged 78.
REAZE'N—Feb. 9, Hannah Terrill Reazin.
LOUISE—Feb 6, John Louise, aged 34.
MURRAY—Feb. 7, Andrew J Murray, aged 24.
ALCOCK—Feb. 9, Thomas B. Alcock.
WALTON—Feb. 9, Ida May Walton, aged 7.
WILSON—Feb. 9, Jennie W. Wilson, aged 41
McLENNAN—Feb 8, Kenneth McLennan, aged 85.
VOGAN—Feb. 6, Mary Jane Vogan, aged 35
BRIDEL—Feb. 6, Mrs. Charles Bridel, aged 60.
RIDDELL—Feb. 7, John Riddell, aged 71.
HALL—Feb. 6, Florence Eleanor Hall, aged 16.
GREEN—Feb. 6, Margaret A. Green.
GREGORY—Feb. 4, Arthur Gregory, aged 71.
BROWNE—Feb. 6 Frances Browne.
BEAMISH—Feb 6, Henry Beamish, aged 61.
COWING—Jan. 25, William Cowing, aged 82
FORTIER—Feb 8, Charles G. Fortier, aged 75.

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THIS MONTH

As an assistance to reducing our stock we will during this month of December offer the whole of our large assortment of Brass Goods, in Fire Irons, Coal Hods, Umbrella Stands, Andirons, Lamps, etc., Jelly Moulds, Tongue Moulds, Agate Ware, Copper Ware and all other description of household necessities at a 25 per cent. discount. The stock is splendidly assorted and new. With this reduction off our already low prices there can be no question as to their being lower than ever before offered in this city. "Around the Corner" is already so well known that it is only necessary to make this intimation to ensure a call from every intending purchaser.

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